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We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Mr. Mooney and then Mr. Money and, to end up with, Mr. Samuel, on Wednesday in the House of Commons put the case for hurrying forward with the Marconi contract. We confess even these names leave us a little cold. Mr. Mooney and Mr. Money may be most perfervid patriots and imperialists, but their zeal for Marconi against Goldschmidt and Poulsen is not convincing. Curious that Radicals whom one does not associate with the demand for a great navy or army should be so anxious lest the Empire should be hurt through the Marconi contract not being bustled through!

Mr. Samuel is of another metal. We can all admit there is more bullion about him. Yet we fancy that when he is wroth and scornful over Unionist comment, at the back of his mind somewhere are thoughts of dear comrades "damnable" ill-used. Why did he not quell his eager friends in Wednesday's debate when they kept up a running fire of interruption whilst Major Archer Shee was speaking? We imagine he did not try to stop the interruptions because they somewhat expressed his own temper in the matter.

But the simple truth is probably that the Radicals below the gangway—and some above as well—do not care very much about Marconi or about wireless systems generally. They only want to get the horrid subject well out of the way. They long for the happy time when it will be possible to say:

"O no, we never mention it;

Its name is never heard.

Our lips have now forgot to speak

That once familiar word".

That happy day, we assure them, is not just yet.

By the way the interruptions did not after all serve the Radicals very well. They drew from Major Archer Shee once more an absolutely explicit statement that he had not the smallest money interest in the Poulsen scheme. He invited any doubting Radical to deny this outside the House, and promised him a writ in forty-eight hours. It took longer than that to serve the writ in the "Matin" case, as Major Archer Shee reminded Mr. Samuel, who had forgot the dates.

The Ministry seem to forget that they should be master of Marconi, not Marconi master of the Ministry. Mr. Chamberlain in effect told Mr. Samuel this in the short space of time the Government allowed him at the close of the debate—a hard hit, at which Mr. Samuel winced. Mr. Chamberlain confessed himself no lover of the company, though he had nothing to say against Mr. Marconi. He said ("Times" Parliamentary Report) "quite frankly he did not like the management of the Marconi Company. He did not like what he had heard of it. He did not like what he saw of it, though it was a different management then, at the time he was Postmaster-General".

Lord Crewe said nothing that mattered in his Home Rule speech in the Lords. He was overcome with his weariness of the subject. Perhaps this explains if it does not excuse his attempt to give a "No-Popery" turn to the discussion by representing Ulster's objection to Home Rule to be nothing but hatred of the Roman Church. This was petty mischief-making, but we doubt if Lord Crewe meant it. The great speech of the debate was Lord Curzon's. It is the most telling appeal yet made for a general election before catastrophe is upon us. Only an election can avert civil war. The Government count on the general apathy, which, as Lord Curzon said, "is eating the life out of our politics", to see their iniquities through. But even this stagnant apathy has been troubled by the Marconi disclosures, and civil war in Ireland will break it into storm.

Lord Morley could state the Ulster difficulty only as an impasse. Home Rule is impossible without Ulster; the policy collapses unless Ulster comes in. But Ulster will not come in unless under stress of greater force; nor stay in except on the same terms. Shortly Home

Rule is impossible either with or without Ulster. Lord Morley's resentment at the charge that the Government's support of Home Rule was a deal with the Nationalists was rather simple. It is not a new charge. Certainly it is not answered by appealing, as did Lord Morley, to the record of the Liberal party. Mr. Gladstone took to Home Rule only when he could get a majority in the House in no other way; and the Liberals came over only when Mr. Gladstone did. Neither since then has the party shown any regard for Home Rule except when political necessity compelled it. The moment they found themselves, as in 1906, independent of Nationalist support, they lost all interest in Home Rule.

It is rather significant that the doctrinaire, the philosophic Radical, should refuse to pledge himself not to use armed force against Ulster Unionists, when the Chief Secretary had disclaimed all idea of bayonets, and the Prime Minister had nodded acquiescence. Lord Morley has learned much since his philosophic days. India has educated him. He at any rate is not afraid of the consequences of his own policy. Grant the policy and the coercion of Ulster follows: but should not the necessity suggest doubts as to the policy?

In this debate we had a streak of light, rushlight, on the time of the next election. Lord Ashby S. Ledgers spoke of an election before May 1915 as almost certain. He would have us (though how can we, if the Government will not?) put off the date of the Bill's coming into force so that an election must come first. The game apparently is to go to the country after the Bill has become law but before it has become fact. But probably Lord Ashby S. Ledgers knows no more than anybody else.

So at last the Prime Minister has taken his honour in both hands! A House of Lords reform scheme is promised for next year. The plight of honour in Government keeping reminds one of Sydney Smith's saying about the plight of Truth in this wicked world's keeping—it must wait, it's used to waiting. But honour, which, in Mr. Asquith's safe charge, "brook no delay" and which was then delayed for years, is in 1914 to have its turn. After which, we suppose, the Government will think about going out of office. We like the idea of debts of honour being left—like franchise schemes—to the end of Parliaments.

The Prime Minister suffered himself a luxury on Tuesday. He took his courage in both hands, and said plainly "No" to Mr. Keir Hardie. He will not give a day to a debate on Lord Gladstone's calling out the troops in the Rand. It is so very rare for any member of this Government to-day to speak a straight word to the friends of disorder that when it does come half the House of Commons breaks into cheers! This is what happened when Mr. Asquith faced Mr. Keir Hardie. We grow almost rapturous when we discover a Minister who has something better than the heart of a mouse.

Mr. Lloyd George by his noble new taxes has given the People £223,430 for £1,356,000. This is worse than fourpence for ninepence. Roughly this would work out at about fourpence for two shillings—which is near enough at any rate for a demagogic Chancellor of the Exchequer's calculation. We always held that these land taxes, increment, reversion and undeveloped land duty were frauds and delusions; but Mr. Harold Cox's article in the "Edinburgh" gives us fresh fact and figure that people on whom Mr. Lloyd George's finance sits as a very nightmare never even dreamt of. "Stop the Valuation!" would surely be a far better cry than "Stop the War!"

The case of the land taxes and the road-sweeper fairly beats anything of the kind we have ever heard of. Here indeed—though in the wilds not of Dart-

moor but of Willesden—is a "pore old man" sadly persecuted by authority! Here is another needy knife-grinder; genuine this time and with the hole in his hat made not by the wicked squire or attorney but by the Radical Chancellor of the Exchequer. This road-sweeper bought for £280 a leasehold house, borrowing some of the money from a building society. Losing his job, he failed in his payments and in 1911 sold the house for £250. In all he was minus £54 on the whole transaction. But, two years later, down comes one of Mr. Lloyd George's men and asks for £4 15s. 1d. increment duty. The road-mender should ensure Mr. Lloyd George immortality if nothing else does.

Every sixty per cent. circularising scoundrel in London will bless the Government this week, for it has killed Lord Newton's Moneylenders Bill. The Prime Minister announced the fate of the Bill on Thursday—with "very much regret". The Government is too much occupied in doing the jobs of Irish disloyalists, in doing the jobs of Welsh Church plunderers. It is too intent on patching up its groggy giant, the Insurance Act. It is too intent on rushing through its contracts to strike at an evil and disgrace like these moneylending pests.

The most serious of many problems of National Insurance discussed in the House of Commons this week is the problem of malingering. There is an alarming increase of sickness—so alarming that Mr. Masterman talks of appointing a committee to investigate it through the autumn and winter. Much of this excessive demand for sick-pay is less an increase in actual sickness than a readier recourse to the doctor for ailments hitherto neglected by the patients. Note that these charges of drawing excessive benefit are more definitely levelled at the women than the men. This must very largely mean that women who have hitherto been content to work when they were not wholly fit to work no longer do so.

Mr. Masterman suggests that the doctors are to blame. He accuses them of granting certificates for benefit without going faithfully into merits. But the Government cannot ride free of criticism by putting responsibility upon the doctors. Mr. Masterman's statement would be a slander upon doctors of honour and competency. If the Government's doctors—the doctors who have consented to serve upon the panels—are not doctors of honour and competency, Mr. Lloyd George is himself to blame. It is significant that malingering is worst in Lancashire—precisely where the Government had most difficulty in getting panels. The Lancashire doctors resisted first and submitted last. But it is also very bad in manufacturing Yorkshire.

Mr. Lloyd George levelled his customary impudent charges at the Opposition that they had thwarted him at every step, making National Insurance a party issue. Also he read out the usual figures as to doctors, insured people, and sanatoria. He knew, of course, that National Insurance would be unpopular at first. He was ready—being brave, incorruptible, and indifferent to popular clamour—to face the people's displeasure. But his time would come. In spite of his enormous detachment from the crowd Mr. Lloyd George is happy to think that his time will come.

Mr. Churchill's naval programme is comparable with Mr. George's Budget: it is a gamble in futures. He provides for the present by accelerating construction in order to make good the loss of the Canadian Dreadnoughts, and he leaves it to another year to add new ships should circumstances show the addition to be necessary. Mr. Lee's estimate is that we shall be as many as six ships short in 1916, and Mr. Churchill seems to think he has answered Unionist criticisms of his failure to work up to his own standard by suggesting that the Unionists wanted eighteen new capital

ships. If the Government's hand is not forced, the new construction which the Unionists would have to undertake in 1914-15, should they be in office, must be inordinately large in order to make up Mr. Churchill's deficiencies. No figure jugglery will enable even Mr. Churchill to turn his thirty-nine Dreadnoughts into forty-two unless he is prepared to lay down three ships in place of those expected from Canada. It would be more simple and safe to reduce subsequent programmes, if the Canadian ships ultimately were built, than to increase those programmes adequately if Canada's contribution should finally be withheld.

The significance of Mr. Churchill's statement as to the advantages of oil fuel for naval purposes must not be overlooked, because he considered the occasion fitting, as Mr. Lee said, for the delivery of a speech worthy of a National Liberal luncheon. Mr. Churchill used oil not to still but to stir up angry waters. On his showing the quantity of oil needed by the Navy is a mere drop from the ocean of fifty million tons available. Yet the Admiralty deem it essential to place a contract with the company run by Lord Cowdray with the assistance of Lord Murray. Mr. Churchill adopted the extraordinary course of producing from members of the Board of Admiralty a signed disclaimer that they have any interest in any oil enterprise, and he has been careful to ascertain that Liberal party funds have not been invested in the company. And then he says that if there were twenty Lord Murrays in the company with 20,000 shares each, and if all the Liberal party funds were invested in it, criticism of Admiralty action would be irrelevant. So Mr. Churchill goes to all this trouble and provokes further "insinuations" in order only to disprove something that really does not matter. Innocence never protested quite so loudly—or so ineffectively.

All the States concerned are having their turn in the Balkan scramble. First it was Austria and Bulgaria, quite recently came Greece and Serbia, and now Russia and Rumania get their chance. Next week Turkey may have a look in. For the moment Rumania dominates. Her troops are making a military promenade which has already carried them beyond the territory claimed, but she is said to have given Russia assurances that she will only demand the new strategic frontier. Turkey, however, has still to declare herself. Her armies have crossed the Enos-Midia line and are closing round Adrianople, where there are only 5000 Bulgars in garrison. Bulgaria in extremis has appealed to Sir Edward Grey.

The situation in Sofia is ominous. News from the outside world is suppressed, and the "Times" Balkan correspondent is only allowed to telegraph biting criticism of Rumania and Russia. But Bulgaria must make peace, and as a preliminary the King has got rid of the unfortunate Dr. Daneff. His place has been taken by M. Malinoff, who did the political work of the Independence Declaration with much regard to Russian susceptibilities. But if Russia will not meet him halfway now, he must give place to a military dictator.

Happily, Russia is behaving well, as her interest dictates. If she succeeds where the Concert has failed she will score heavily. M. Sazonoff has let it be known that he does not mind whether the peace preliminaries are signed in St. Petersburg or on the battlefield, and has thus gained the goodwill of Serbia and Greece. He has also made it clear that he wishes to see Bulgaria par inter pares among the Balkan States, and so has made friends at Sofia. M. Sazonoff is a clever man. True, he has not yet dealt with Rumania, but Rumania felt Russia's strength in 1878, and the memory of the lesson is still green.

Locally, the leading diplomatic figure is M. Venezelos. He and M. Pashitch have met at Uskub, with what results we know not. But he is said to have in-

sured himself against Servian defection by a separate arrangement with Rumania. Each Power is to help the other to get the same guarantees for Kutso-Vlachs in Macedonia and for Greeks in Thrace. But what will M. Venezelos make of the new Turkish offensive? Can he allow what began as a war with Bulgaria for the extinction of European Turkey to end as a war with Turkey for the extinction of Bulgaria?

Sir John French, inspecting the cadets of the Royal Military College, talked of honour. It is perhaps the most difficult theme for a public orator; and few could so successfully have hit Sir John French's note of simplicity. He talked of honour without inflation. Honour, in the Army, is more than fine feeling. It must be matter-of-fact. One felt that this assumption was implicit in every line of Sir John French's hortation.

Operations under the Mouse Act reached a climax of absurdity on Monday. Mrs. Pankhurst and Miss Kenney, at large according to licence, attended a weekly orgy of suffragettes at the "Pavilion". Neither was too feeble to make wildly vigorous speeches of considerable length. Miss Kenney, in contempt of Mr. McKenna, held an informal auction of her prison licences, which went for £6 a piece. Each speaker referred pathetically to the sick-bed she had left for the privilege of addressing the faithful hot-bloods. Then came the fighting. The police, being men of experience, charged the assembled women outside, heads down, to protect themselves from hat-pins. There was a violent tussle, wherein the police got as good as they gave, their coats being shredded and their hats battered. Finally, Miss Kenney, re-captured, was driven back to Holloway.

Mrs. Pankhurst disappeared into a private box of the theatre and was not seen again. She has a right now to laugh at the Government, which is not even competent to observe the provisions of its own statute. One cannot help suspecting that the police are not excessively anxious to find her. The police cannot be excessively anxious to come into close quarters with any suffragette. "Have you any bruises?" asked one of the prisoners on Monday, anxious to know whether she had in vain battered the policeman with her umbrella.

The Lord Chancellor has given notice that he intends to call attention to the Report of the Royal Commission on Land Transfer, and to introduce Bills relating to real property and conveyancing. One time this would have sent a flutter alike amongst Radicals and Conservatives and lawyers afraid of interference with the mystery of conveyancing. What was called free trade in land used to be a Radical nostrum; and landowners knew it as a political pretext. Oddly enough Conservative Lord Chancellors, Lord Cairns and Lord Westbury and Lord Halsbury, became known as the chief land reformers; and they greatly simplified and cheapened land transfer, and introduced registration of title.

Nobody believes that this sort of legislation has much bearing on what is now understood by the land problem. It is desirable certainly to make land transfer as cheap as possible, and compulsory registration had this aim; but it has had the contrary effect. In London, where it is alone compulsory, the Royal Commission condemned it. What Lord Haldane's Bills may do is not yet known. He has been in communication with the Law Society, who rely on Lord Haldane as a trained conveyancer, which Lord Loreburn was not, to understand their contention that compulsory registration is bound to be a mistake. Real property law could be much simplified by being assimilated to that of personal property. This is very probably what Lord Haldane intends, and this would also simplify the registration difficulty.

A Board of Trade inquiry is being held as to the collision outside Colchester Station. An inquest has also been opened on the driver, fireman, and guard of the express, who were all killed. The presence of the light engine on the same line as the express, with the signals set at clear, is at present a mystery. *Prima facie* the light engine, run into by the ponderous express going at high speed, should have suffered most; yet not it but the express was derailed; its driver was no more than injured, and the fireman escaped. None of the passengers in the express was killed, though several were injured. The resistance of the restaurant cars between the engine and the latter part of the train, where the bulk of the passengers were, prevented a greater loss of life.

What will happen to the Regent Street Quadrant? We are sorry to be threatened here with demolition; but let us at any rate be sure that the new design will not be inferior. What the Government intends to do should be open to public criticism. The quadrant is a part of London not to be lightly jebbed away. Architects have been invited to submit a design; but, beyond saying that the design so far suggested is not approved, Mr. Runciman leaves us in the dark. We have to be satisfied with his assurance that "nothing drastic will be done" without an opportunity being given for discussion. This discussion must not be after the deed.

Mr. Bernard Shaw is under the impression that the Crystal Palace is used only for cup finals. It is not quite so bad as that; but he is justified in wondering how long it will be before the British public subscribes £90,000 for a national theatre. His letter of apology to Mr. Yeats at the Court Theatre on Monday was far from being as good a letter as Mr. Shaw can write; but he was able quite distinctly to glorify his countrymen at the expense of our ignoble selves. We have no theatre remotely corresponding to the Irish National Theatre; and, if we had, we doubt if it would give special *matinées* for the endowment of a municipal art gallery. But we must not concede Mr. Shaw too much in favour of the Irish. It is true that Irishmen are doing these things a little better than we are. But they are also advertising their good deeds more efficiently, which counts for almost as much in their reputation.

The stigma which Mr. Shaw would put upon us would be wholly avoided if we could use the Crystal Palace intelligently now that we have bought it. Is this £90,000 to go in shows, and fireworks, and mammoth bands? Or are we going to find a national use for it? Is there to be a real distinction between buying a thing for the nation and buying it for the mob? A correspondent writes to us suggesting a British Folklore Museum. This would be even better than the Gaelic League, on which Ireland so piously congratulates herself. But we rather doubt if British enthusiasm for British folk-lore runs quite so high as £90,000. Perhaps it will, after all, be cup finals.

Were we to think no more that the laureate's chair is best left vacant Robert Bridges' appointment would persuade us. Mr. Asquith certainly adds thereby to his reputation as one with taste for what is rare in scholarship and literary feeling. But Dr. Bridges' distinction rather emphasises than solves the difficulty of finding a perfect laureate. He is a poet of reclusion. He will never be the popular voice.

The King has this year done his hardest work of the royal season in Lancashire. His tour, regarded quite simply as a programme of necessary functions, is an amazing round of visits, celebrations, presentations, and addresses. The King's determination to be frequently seen in Lancashire is a happy recognition of the historical loyalty of the County Palatine. For Lancashire henceforth the King is Duke of Lancaster.

THE BALKAN COLLAPSE.

HOW can we account for a reversal of fortune verging on the incredible? First, there was a mistake on the part of the Bulgarian generals. Their plan was conceived on audacious lines. A small Bulgar force was to hold the Greeks and keep them apart from the Serbs; a larger force was to turn the Serbs out of their entrenchments in Macedonia; and then an army brought from Chatalja and concentrated at Kustendil was to be thrust between the beaten Serbs and their capital. The preliminary movements failed, as they were almost bound to fail, considering the advantages of the Greeks in numbers and of the Serbs in position, and the main attack was never delivered at all. The preparations for it were delayed because the politicians objected, and the politicians were right. The generals forgot Rumania. They may have thought that the Rumanians would be satisfied with the strip of territory secured to them by arbitration. They may have thought that Rumania would not act in opposition to the advice of Austria, her firm friend for thirty-five years. Perhaps what finally decided them was the fear that they could not hold their troops. To keep the Bulgarian peasant posted over against the conquered enemy at Chatalja is one thing; to bring him into the heart of his own country and bid him wait events while his harvest rotted around him, quite another. Who can blame the Bulgar if he insisted on being led to battle or allowed to go home?

Be the causes what they may, the Bulgarian collapse is complete, and a peace of necessity seems imminent. No doubt its outlines will be settled on the battlefield. The lines of a Serbo-Bulgar treaty suggest themselves. Serbia has shown herself strong enough to hold the territory which the dishonoured treaty laid her under pledge to give up, and the new frontier is roughly traced by the position of her armies. Rumania, once satisfied that Bulgaria cannot become a Balkan Prussia, may well be content to receive what she has grabbed. It is from Greece that trouble is to be feared. The Greeks have won successes against inferior numbers. Holding the Bulgarian to be as bad as the Turk, they are demanding that the Greeks of Thrace who will pass under Bulgarian rule shall continue to enjoy such guarantees as the capitulations offered. The demand is one which the Greeks cannot enforce if their present allies come to terms with Sofia, and M. Venezelos should be satisfied with the amazingly good terms which a lucky turn enables his country to secure. But in this connexion there is also a chance for the discredited Conference of Ambassadors. If the Powers will only take the situation in hand while there is yet time they can draw up the lines of a Græco-Bulgar treaty and compel the Greeks to accept it under pain of losing the Ægean Islands. The adoption of such a policy is probable on two grounds. In the first place, it is entirely free from principle and thus harmonises with Sir Edward Grey's previous conduct. "We are stronger than you are, and therefore you must do what we tell you" is what the Powers have already said to the Serbs and the Montenegrins. Why should they not say the same to the Greeks? The only reason against it is that Italy would have to give up in reality territory which she has pledged herself to give up by treaty—and treaties count for so little in these days. On the other hand—and this is our second reason—by using the Islands as a weapon against Greece the Concert of Europe will secure a voice in the settlement, and not leave Russia all the credit that accrues to peace-makers. Now the aim of the Concert of Europe is to preserve itself, as the British Foreign Minister shamelessly admitted last week, and it only preserves itself so long as it prevents any one of its members from carrying out a strong national policy of the kind that Russia is now pursuing.

The dominating position now held by Russia is the corollary of the collapse of Bulgaria. Austria supported Bulgaria, and Europe under Britain's leadership supported Austria. The Bulgarian blunder has non-plussed both, and Russia is left to enjoy the advantages

of her reluctant consent to what is called with dull irony the Albanian settlement. What is surprising is that Austria should keep so quiet. With her millions of unruly Serbs a peace which aggrandises Serbia is a menace to her security. Count Berchtold's critics are making the most of this point, but in Austrian diplomacy he laughs best who laughs last. When the first war broke out the critics urged that Austrian troops should reoccupy the Sanjak. But Vienna knew its business. Holding that the exclusion of Serbia from the Adriatic was of greater moment than the possession of the Sanjak, Vienna bided her time, and when the crisis came got her way as a reward for her previous patience. It may well be that the Austrians still mean to say a word before a Balkan peace is finally concluded under Russian auspices, and that Count Berchtold is refraining now that he may act with greater effect later on. But it is also probable that Austria is not at the moment in a position to challenge Russia. Her policy must have been crippled by the treachery of Colonel Redl. It is only a few weeks since the Austrian General Staff found out that its mobilisation plans had been betrayed to the S. Petersburg War Office. That is a serious matter. The success of a modern campaign depends on the smooth working of the mobilisation scheme. Austria now knows that her old scheme cannot work smoothly, and a new one is not to be devised at a moment's notice. If Count Berchtold has been told that the army cannot fight for another six months, hard necessity may be upon him to accept developments hostile to his country's interest.

If Austria is powerless and Bulgaria beaten and the Concert able to put pressure on Greece, the chances of peace seem sure. The average Englishman who has long since lost all the little interest he ever took in Balkan affairs will feel relieved when a treaty is signed, and will tolerate the compliments which obsequious Radicals will shower upon Sir Edward Grey for his success in avoiding a European war. Let us therefore make it clear by anticipation that the new peace will not be a stable peace. An arrangement which gives to Serbia territory with Bulgar inhabitants and to Greece territory earmarked for Bulgaria since S. Stefano can only endure if the circumstances which produced it themselves endure. Of that there is no prospect. It is remarkable that Bulgaria, which has hitherto not missed a point in the diplomatic game, should find all her neighbours combined against her. It is incredible that King Ferdinand should ever allow the position to recur. He will set himself to dissolve the present combination, and it cannot take him long to succeed. A union of Greek and Rumanian, Serb and Turk, wears no permanent aspect. Once the allies of the moment have shared their loot we shall find the three Balkan States—for Montenegro is negligible—squabbling and intriguing as before, and Turkey playing off one against the other, as she used to play off the Great Powers. That is a game in which Bulgaria will know how to take a hand. Nor is it likely that the next crisis will find Bulgaria supported by either of the two Great Powers principally concerned. As things are now Austria, even if free to act, could not back either Bulgaria or Rumania without estranging the other, and is thus a broken reed; while Russia is offended at the trick played on her by the Bulgarian acceptance of the Tsar's telegram after distorting its meaning. For once, then, the two Great Powers are agreed in leaving Bulgaria alone, but their rivalry is too keen for them to agree long about any point in Balkan politics. Here too we shall return to the old situation. The Balkan States, their increase in size more than set off by their losses in men and money, will again be pawns in a greater game. Such is the irony of history. Since Mr. Gladstone worked England into a passion during the 'seventies, British Liberals have anticipated a Balkan millennium when once the Turk was out of Macedonia. The Turk has gone now, and a Liberal Foreign Secretary has presided over his going, with the result that everything is as it was, atrocities and all.

BEFORE OR AFTER?

THE Lords very rightly were not concerned in the Home Rule debate this week with details, hardly with the merits, of the Bill. It is idle to discuss the details of a Bill that cannot be amended; it is superfluous to discuss the merits of a Bill on which everybody's mind was made up, both without and within. The Lords, on both sides, went straight to the question both formally and really in issue. Do the Government mean to go to the country before or after they have passed the Home Rule Bill? Lord Lansdowne's amendment demanded that they should go to the country before. The demand is peculiarly pertinent and justifiable because the Government rest their case for Home Rule, and have done so throughout all the discussion, on one ground alone, a ground which does not go to merits at all—that the majority of the electors desire it. True, in this debate Lord Loreburn was eloquent on the injury to Parliament arising from the paralysis of the House of Commons, which has degenerated from an independent legislative body into a machine for keeping a particular Ministry in power (or turning it out, he might have added). This unhappy state of things seems to have come on Lord Loreburn as a shock and a surprise, though most political observers outside have been aware of it for years. This evil Lord Loreburn attributes to the excessive burden of House of Commons work, which he says can be relieved only by Home Rule all round. His diagnosis of the disease we admit, but we do not admit the cause he assigns for it, still less his remedy. But in any case it is impossible to take seriously the idea of a Federal constitution when this Bill, which is to be its beginning, violates most Federal essentials. The whole notion is fantastic, but the proposal to give one member—not the predominant one—a start and advantage over all the other members of the proposed Federation puts it out of court altogether. Nobody took this federal business very seriously; few, in fact, talked of it at all. It was felt that it was not a living argument in favour of this Bill. Lord Grey, for instance, believes in a federal plan, but will not hear of this Bill. As we said before, the case for the Bill came down to one thing and one thing only—the majority of the electors want it. It is sometimes put in a different way: the majority of the Irish people persistently demand it and have done so for very many years. But the Constitution knows nothing of Irish electors or Irish opinion; the only majority it knows is a majority of the electors of the United Kingdom. If the majority of the Irish electors went on demanding Home Rule till doomsday, but could not get a majority of the United Kingdom to agree with them, even the present Government would admit that there was no constitutional case for Home Rule. Naturally, for though we hear much of an Irish Parliament for Irish affairs and "the right to manage their own business", these are fallacious phrases. Home Rule concerns the rest of the kingdom closely as well as Ireland. It cannot be granted without vastly affecting England, Scotland, and Wales. If it is merely an Irish matter, why all the elaborate precautions in the Bill to maintain the supremacy of the British Parliament? Obviously, Home Rule is a matter for the whole electorate of the kingdom. If, therefore, the whole argument for the Bill is that "the democracy" demand it—and no other argument is put forward—the one essential thing must be to find out whether in fact they do demand it. We are not very much interested in the eternal discussion whether in December 1910 the country was thinking of Home Rule or not. It was at any rate thinking first of the Lords question. But even if it did, and realised that Home Rule must follow the passing of the Parliament Bill and was willing to take its chance, are the Government content to rest their authority for this great constitutional change on a constitutional formality? We do not deny that technically, so long as a Ministry can command a majority of the House of Commons, there is nothing constitutionally irregular in their holding on to office, though it may be flagrantly immoral. In the

present instance, to pass Home Rule without a general election would be flagrantly immoral. They say that Home Rule must be brought about because the electors demand it, and in democratic conditions that settles the matter. You cannot go behind the majority, right or wrong. We believe this is as good democratic doctrine as it is villainously bad statesmanship. But at any rate it does demand certain knowledge, or as near certain as possible, that the majority of the people do want the particular thing in hand. Is there any certainty that the majority of the electors of the United Kingdom want Home Rule; and, if they do, is it certain they want this Bill? Can any Minister say he is absolutely confident that the majority of the people would vote for this Bill? The Government take refuge in last election. But are they going to pretend that popular opinion—assuming it was in favour of Home Rule in 1910—never changes in three years? Is a record of popular opinion in one year a guarantee that it will be the same three years afterwards? In fact we know that the result of one election, instead of being a presumption that the next will go the same way, is rather a presumption of the opposite. Even as a mere sporting chance it is probable the people would now vote against Home Rule; even if there were no guides to go by in the way of by-elections, though there have been many, of which the trend is all against this Home Rule Government. So that it comes to this. If Home Rule is passed without an election, the Government will be carrying a measure the case for which they rest wholly on having the support of a majority of the electors without knowing whether they have that majority, but having very good reason at least seriously to doubt it. That is a profoundly immoral thing to do, and in democrats hardly short of blasphemous.

For it is easy for the Government to know whether or not the people of this country want their Home Rule Bill. A General Election—according to their own view—will serve. They do not believe in a particular mandate; they are content with a general verdict in their favour. Then let it be a General Election. But some of their friends apologise that they cannot put their trust in a General Election; for that might be decided against them—as certain by-elections—on the Insurance Act or Marconi deals. Then let it be a Referendum on Home Rule. We are content either way. But Ministers fight shy of both alike. Of course, they do not want to know what the country thinks. They are afraid, or rather are pretty sure, it is against them. After all, they passed the Parliament Bill with the precise object of being able to avoid a popular judgment on Home Rule: so it is not very strange they shrink from election and referendum alike. It is not strange, but it is grossly immoral, which also in them is not strange. But it appears, if attention is to be paid to anything said by Lord Ashby S. Ledgers—Ivor Guest—that there is some idea of having an election in the little while—not golden—between the passing of the Home Rule Act and its coming into force. This would discharge their obligation to Mr. Redmond and leave the Unionists—in the probability of their coming into power—the difficult job of repealing the Act a few weeks after it had been passed. Above all, it would get the Government off the penalty of dealing with Unionist Ulster. They would, indeed, very nearly have it both ways. It would be a mean, to speak plainly, a dirty trick; indeed it has so many of the characteristics of the Government's tactics that—on internal evidence, not for what Lord Ashby S. Ledgers says—we think it probable they will do this. They will pass Home Rule and shirk the results. They will light the squib and run away before the explosion. It is cheating the country, for the country should be consulted as to what shall be done, not asked for its opinion on what has been done.

We trust that Ministers have read—as well as heard—marked, learned, and inwardly digested Lord Curzon's really magnificent speech in this debate. Are they after that going to risk firing a train which if it starts in Ulster will not end in Ireland? Assuredly the Government will be consumed in the blaze, but unfor-

tunately with the chaff much grain would perish too. It is vain for Lord Morley to tell us we shall not get on with Orangemen. To English Unionists Home Rule is no matter of orange or green: it is a matter of the United Kingdom, of the British Empire. In their claim this time the Orangemen are right; and English Unionists will fight with them as with any others who are against Home Rule.

"OILY GAMMON."

SO we are to have oil fuel, and the shortage of the three Canadian ships has been made good for the time being. Therefore we can all sleep safely in our beds. Thus coos Mr. Churchill and his tame press cackles after him. We are not satisfied on either head. First in this oil question lurks a new danger. It was understood that in speed and armour British and German ships were about on a level, that the decisive factor was the gun, and that in offensive gun power British ships were well ahead of German ships of the same date. But it is now admitted that motive power also counts. An oil-driven ship is better than a coal-driven ship. It has a margin in its favour which it can use in speed, in radius of action, or in offensive armament. But for us, says Mr. Churchill, the coal-driven battleship is a necessity for a long while yet. We are ahead in gun-power, and if we increase speed we drive the coal-driven Dreadnoughts out of our fighting line. But does the same argument apply to an enemy? On Mr. Churchill's own case, it would pay the Germans to build oil-driven battleships and to use them along with their fast battle-cruisers to cover a raiding force while their slower Dreadnoughts held the attention of the British fleet. Does the argument even cover all our own needs? Mr. Churchill's own fast battleship division shows that it does not. The Admiralty admits that for the Gibraltar Squadron, which must be ready to show itself in any corner of the Mediterranean where it may be wanted, or to return to the North Sea in the minimum time in case of need, the extra speed that oil can give would be of infinite value. Mr. Churchill's oil doctrine does not cover the Mediterranean.

Nor is he more comprehensive when he comes to construction. We are to replace the three Canadian ships by laying down at once three of our own which would otherwise not have been begun until next year. Very good, but we cannot count the three ships over twice. The position is that we have got the Canadian ships reckoned on for the Gibraltar Squadron but have crossed off the ships we were prepared to build ourselves. We are all right, that is, for the autumn of 1915, but all wrong for the spring of 1916. Mr. Churchill gets out of the difficulty by leaving himself free to put the three missing ships into next year's naval programme. Out of kindness to Mr. George's Budget, he prefers a heavy estimate next year to a supplementary estimate this. The Budget leaves no margin, but by giving due warning now he can hope for the necessary revenue in 1914. Why, then, could not Mr. Churchill say in so many words that the three missing ships are to be supplied in the next estimates? Doubtless because he is not yet certain whether the new Austrian and Italian naval programmes will be fully carried through or not. Both Powers are living in critical times, both may be put to heavy expenditure if the Albanian difficulty grows more serious, and both may finally decide to save money on their navies. To some Mr. Churchill's waiting policy may appear a prudent economy. In our view it is hazardous cheese-paring. Here are we, an island Empire whose whole life depends on the Navy, halting whether we shall lay down three necessary ships just before or just after the close of the current financial year. Nobody can say what will be happening in the Mediterranean in the spring of 1916. If things go well Mr. Churchill will have brought off his game; if they go badly he will or certainly should be strung up at a lamp-post.

The risks are so huge and the gain so tiny that no First Lord ought to run them.

But we go further. We agree with Mr. Lee that the three extra ships are too few. We are totting up figures and nervously comparing dates simply because our Mediterranean standard has never been laid down. Either we are a Mediterranean Power or we are not. If we are not—and a fleet at Gibraltar certain to be recalled to the North Sea in the event of trouble with Germany does not count in Mediterranean politics—let us be told the exact war value of our entente with France. We know what France stands to gain from the entente with England. She gains the protection of her northern coasts, the destruction of her enemy's sea-borne trade, and the possible help of 160,000 British troops. What is our corresponding gain? Apparently we look to the French fleet to guard the road to India and the merchandise travelling along it. It is a vain hope, for when France is at grips with Germany her fleet's first business will be to cover the transport of troops from Africa. If we are a Mediterranean Power, where is our Mediterranean Fleet? Once more, it is no use talking of the five ships to be stationed at Gibraltar. Those ships may be available in Southern waters or they may not, but what we want is a true Mediterranean Fleet not intended to be used elsewhere. When we have got it we shall have something to make our friendship worth a Mediterranean Power's acceptance. But we shall never get it until we have a Mediterranean standard. We have a North Sea standard. Whether it is adequate is not now the question; at least the nation can see that it is maintained. But we have no Mediterranean standard, we have only vague and cloudy references to the obvious point that our construction depends on the programme of other States, and the nation is left to guess at Mediterranean policy in the dark. Yet the supremacy of the Mediterranean may be the decisive factor in the next war. There is not another people in Europe who could be treated like this. The conscript nations know to the last man what defence means in practice, and insist that their Ministers shall speak the truth. Only the free Briton is hoodwinked.

THE POET LAUREATE.

IF the office of Court minstrel, which has been held by such a curious assortment of singers since the days of Blondel, could have been allowed to lapse quietly, we should have been most content; but the appointment of Robert Bridges to the post held by the successor of Tennyson and Wordsworth is the best that could have been made in the circumstances. We do not give him the "Mr." that strangers use, nor the "Dr." of the journals that recognise only his "D.Litt."; we employ the term by which he is affectionately known to those in the city of dreaming spires who turn their gaze towards the heights of Boar's Hill. When Mr. Austin was appointed, the academic world asked who he was; now the position is reversed, and the journalists' world—vastly increased since then—is asking who is this new man Bridges. He is not a made poet. He is a born poet. And his real title is proved by the universal suffrage of our other poets, on whom he has for years exercised an influence that they are glad to acknowledge.

However, if he were only a poets' poet, we might criticise the appointment, which from its very publicity is bound to increase the number of his readers. As it is, the ordinary reader of intelligence who happens not to have read Bridges previously will find in him a real poet and a remarkable artist; and it is upon the latter that we lay most stress in the present state of English letters—especially English poetry. To put it colloquially, our native poetry suffered a "slump" at the end of the reign of Victoria, and has recently made a remarkable recovery; but there is evidence on all sides of the need for insisting that poetry is an art, and that, as such, while the whole cannot be taught, the rudiments must be learned. Robert Bridges is not only a

poet but a scholar in poetry too. It is an accident, but a happy one, that he should be also a musician. His gifts combine to produce in him what is called "an ear"—whether for music or poetry or for the fine art which is both; and a poet, although studies in prosody are as a rule the last things that he ever reads, does appreciate the evidences of "an ear" in another poet. We strongly suspect that the rhythmical experiments of some of our younger poets could be directly traced to their reading of Robert Bridges. Certainly his most characteristic poems, such as "Whither, O splendid ship", "The Downs", and "On a Dead Child", have already been thrust upon the attention of the rising generation by our most recent anthologists, and each is a lesson in rhythm.

His poetic dramas will probably never be as much appreciated as his lyrical and elegiac work, though all betray classical inspiration. Some of his longer works, such as "Eros and Psyche", occasionally suggest the curious felicities of epic poetry, even to the happy catalogues of proper names. Titles such as this and "Nero", "The Return of Ulysses", "Prometheus", and "Achilles in Scyros" indicate his preoccupation with the classics; but that he can excel in poems drawn from a pure English fount is shown in many lyrics of the countryside. In prose he has published little, but all is extremely valuable; we may mention in particular the study of Milton's prosody, the brilliant criticism of Keats prefixed to the "Muses' Library" edition, several essays on prosody and the use of classical metres such as the hexameter in English, and a finely-written essay on "The Influence of the Audience", a study of Shakespeare's weak moments, which is attached to the ten-volume edition of Shakespeare's Works printed at Stratford-on-Avon. In short, his whole work is that of a scholar gifted with a poet's imagination and a musician's ear; and were he never to write another line, his extant work would more than suffice to give lustre to the office of Poet Laureate.

THE CITY.

A VERY marked improvement has occurred in the monetary situation this week. Not only is the supply of money gaining on the demand, but it is now hoped that gold will be received from Brazil, and possibly from Uruguay and Argentina. At the same time the fact that the Continental exchanges have moved in favour of this country suggests that the Bank's stock of gold will be increased by the receipt of bullion from South Africa. In other words, the world-wide competition for gold seems to have ceased for a time, and that will enable the Bank of England to replenish its reserves, which are about £3,000,000 lower than at this time last year, in spite of the fact that the Bank rate is $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. higher. It is now confidently hoped that the severe autumn stringency in the money market which was feared a few weeks ago will be avoided.

The brighter money outlook has permitted more optimistic views of the Stock market situation, and whereas prices recently were being automatically marked down, this week they have been automatically written up. There has been a small amount of buying in the form mainly of bear covering, investment demand being very scanty. The rise in quotations was often quite out of proportion to the demand, because dealers are strongly disinclined to sell stock at current prices with the financial barometer pointing to "fair". The majority of jobbers in the "House" have serious losses on their books at present prices, and while they do not want to buy more stock at the current low level, being probably overloaded already, they are almost equally averse from giving the investing public too much advantage. Consequently business is extremely dull. The public is not sufficiently pleased with the general situation to rush in and buy stocks; investors are merely nibbling here and there. When prices react and when there is a sudden set-back such as occurred in the new Chinese loan this week they stand aside until the position becomes clear. The prolonged depression is

almost unprecedented. In nearly every department excellent bargains may be obtained; indeed, it seems that investors have so much to choose from they cannot make up their minds; but no activity can be expected until peace is restored in the Balkans.

Some uncertainty is now felt in regard to the forthcoming Home Railway dividends. It is feared that as these will be purely interim payments the directors may adopt a very conservative policy. The dividend at the rate of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum for the half-year on the District Railway second preference stock was in accordance with expectations, comparing with 2 per cent. for the corresponding period of 1912.

Canadian Pacific is a much steadier market, and it looks as if the forced liquidation has ceased. A surprise was provided for Grand Trunk stockholders in the announcement of an issue of £1,500,000 of 5 per cent. five-year equipment notes at 98. The company is short of equipment, especially since the Grand Trunk Pacific line started working and took over its rolling stock. Considerable sums have been spent each half-year in hiring equipment, and the new issue should therefore lead to a saving in expenses.

Wall Street advices are more optimistic. The threatened railroad strike will be avoided by arbitration, which, however, will doubtless mean increased wages bills. Meanwhile, business in New York remains on the smallest possible scale.

In the Foreign Railway section the feature is the weakness of National of Mexico securities, due mainly to the fact that the president of the line is unable to work amicably with the Government and has again tendered his resignation. Other Mexican Railway stocks are depressed by the uncertain political situation in the Republic.

For the first time for many years the board of the Buenos Ayres Great Southern encountered some opposition to the proposals for raising fresh capital. Suggestions were made for the postponement of the issue or for the reduction of the amount; but the chairman said that £2,650,000 was the least they could manage with, and it looks as if the balance of £2,350,000 will be offered early next year.

South African mining shares cannot be expected to recover until the threatened railway strike has been definitely averted. Johannesburg depends almost daily on the railways for its food supplies, and if these were cut off the native labourers on the Rand would have to be sent to their homes, which would cause serious disturbance in the gold-mining industry. Some of the recent trouble in the South African market is explained by the action—or inaction—of Sir Abe Bailey in the matter of the Amalgamated Properties of Rhodesia, which was discussed with warmth at Monday's meeting.

Associated Portland Cement shares have been in request on the very satisfactory report of the subsidiary British Portland Cement Company, indicating the prosperous condition of the trade and the prospect of a 5 per cent. dividend for the parent concern. Aerated Bread shares have developed strength, but the rumours of amalgamation with J. Lyons and Co. are mere speculation. The 15 per cent. dividend declared by the Tatem Steam Navigation Company is very satisfactory, particularly in view of the fluctuations to which the shipping industry is subject.

THE LONDON SEASON.

By FILSON YOUNG.

IT is some weeks ago now since those scribes whose singular duty it is to chronicle the doings of the social world discovered with alarm that the season was about to "collapse". Here was a pretty how-do-you-do. Rushing hither and thither in the commotion of one kind or another which is their element, they had observed that something was amiss with the foundations of their world; and suddenly discovering that there were at least two dates in July on which no "important" social function was to take place, they became apprehensive as to the security of the whole

social fabric, and brayed out their fears above the general uproar. The truth was that they had deceived themselves. The art of making a fuss about things in print, of creating a social commotion in ink and type, had been cultivated by them with so much success, that they were blinded, like the squid, by their own discharges; and the season was half-way through before they discovered that the brilliancy and splendour which they had been so busy describing had not existed at all, save in their own otherwise empty heads. So long ears were pricked forward, and loud braying voices declared that the season had collapsed.

Now that the secret is out, it may not be uninteresting to consider some of the changes which have taken place in what is called the London season. It has certain structural features in which there is little change from year to year. The public part of it consists of certain race meetings, operas, flower shows, tournaments, and charity functions, which are annual fixtures, and in which a large portion of society is concerned. These things occupy the newspapers, and are the occasion of a certain amount of that bustle, spectacle, and money-spending of which the commotion of social life consists. But what makes a season really memorable, and gives it a hall-mark of its own is the degree of success attained in quite private functions. There are a dozen houses in Mayfair and S. James'—perhaps half a dozen—which can make or mar a season from this point of view, by giving or withholding the kind of entertainment in which the many circles that form London society may touch one another and revolve round the same sun. Entertainments of this kind are purely formal and not intimate; and they are rapidly falling into disfavour. It is the almost total absence of them, I think, which has made the season this year such a very unbrilliant affair. Commotion and rush there have been; but they have been undistinguished commotion, and rush which is merely the normal affliction of the idle world raised to a higher point. People are becoming more and more shy of entertaining on the grand and formal scale.

One reason for this undoubtedly is that society is becoming less and less patient of formality of any kind. In its clothes, in its manners, in its speech, and in the things which really amuse it, the tendency is to become more free and easy, more impulsive, more impromptu. People prefer to meet in small gatherings at short notice, and do whatever amuses them most, rather than fix a distant date for some formal function which, when it comes, will be voted a bore and a nuisance. Moreover, entertaining, even on a grand scale, is a domestic affair transacted by a family in its own house. And functions in which a family unites to do anything at all are becoming more and more difficult to arrange. Different members of the family have their different sets of friends and different occupations; they are not interested in the same things or the same people. The greatly increased independence of young people, and the highly organised machinery which exists for their separate amusements, has made it difficult to get them to regard family functions of any kind at all seriously.

But there is another reason. Entertaining in the way I have described requires hostesses of a certain age and dignity, and with a social gift for carrying a great many people in their minds, and keeping in touch both with the new and old inhabitants of the social world. And people like this are disappearing. What happens to them I do not know; but there is now hardly anyone in London old enough to entertain in the way I have described. The hostesses grow younger and younger. For a season or two, when their daughters come out, they unwillingly play the part of the fond parent, and stand publicly revealed as such; but once the daughters are safely married they revert to their own youthful condition, cultivate their own special friends, wear larger and larger hats and smaller and smaller dresses, and remain at whatever age is fashionable. Just at present nearly all the hostesses in London are between thirty and thirty-five; and people whom I seem to remember a few years ago as kind elderly ladies now look at me cooly from under large shady hats, and

are to be seen with some special faithful male friend at operas or picture shows, thrilling once again to the dawn of emotion, and discovering anew what a wonderful thing life is. It would be absurd to ask such people to stand at the head of a staircase for four hours, saying the right and tactful thing to everybody. It would be cruel to snatch them from their new-found joys; cruel to take them away from the freedom and independence which they seem to be tasting for the first time, and require dull, domestic, and social duties of them. You see one of them, perhaps at the wedding of her grandson, and it is remarked how beautiful is her devotion and fidelity to some portly Cabinet Minister. "Isn't it too divine the way she has stuck to him—and he is so dull", is the world's comment upon one of these perennial romances; and no one seems to think it funny or even at all unusual.

This total refusal to grow old on the part of women in society cannot but have its effect on the whole social machinery, and has not a little to do with the changes that have been observed in the present season. In the true social fabric a woman at a certain age sinks her individuality and becomes the centre of something, represents something. Now people represent merely themselves and seem, like rival tradesmen, to disclaim any connection with anyone else of the same name. It is every one for himself or herself in society nowadays, and Mrs. Grundy takes the hindmost. Another reason for the change is in the part played by Royalty. The King and Queen have shown a very definite conception of where their own social duties lie, and it is not the conception of the world that lives entirely for amusement. There is something extremely significant in the thought that at the height of the London season they were engaged in that marvellous tour in Lancashire, shaking hands with poor old labouring men and women in cottages, and learning at first hand, by road and river, in factory and cottage, something of the lives, not of the upper ten thousand, but of the lower twenty million. And the fact that their garden party this year is to be given, not to the people of social importance, but to school teachers, is also significant of a good deal.

Certainly if there is to be a season at all, the more brilliant and interesting it can be made the better. If its only obvious result is that it takes twenty minutes to drive from Hyde Park Corner to Piccadilly Circus, if there is merely to be an increase of the insane rush and exhaustion without pleasure, it is apt to become a very considerable nuisance. The truth is that when people lived quietly in the country for seven months in the year and came to London for three, there was some truly social result of the London season; but now, when nobody stays anywhere for more than four days, and people who live in the country are continually running up to London, and people who live in London are continually rushing down to the country, there is very little sense or meaning in it at all.

A MORAL VICTORY.

By R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

MY Aunt Alexia, whom I remember vividly, though she died more than forty years ago, was a type of the Yorkshire gentlewoman now long extinct. Short, and dark-haired, with eyes that seemed to be upon the point of starting from her head, she had a strong and wiry moustache, and when by chance she did not pull it out a growth of beard upon her chin, which used to make me shudder when as a boy she kissed me and they grated on the skin. I do not think this outward, visible sign of masculine interior forces gave her much trouble or annoyance, for she would say with pride, "My cousins the Fitzgibbons all have beards, both women and men alike." Family pride was a strong point with my good aunt, as she was nearly related to almost all the county families of Yorkshire, which interparentage a Scottish aunt of mine used to term scornfully in speaking of her "Alexia and her fatiguing relatives". She always dressed in black,

carried eternally a bag embroidered with steel beads, and was a little deaf, but never used a trumpet, saying that nearly all her Yorkshire cousins were as deaf as she was, with considerable pride.

She was a Churchwoman, not because of any special partiality for the ritual of the Church; but because, born as she was a member of a county family, it would have been impossible for her to belong to any other faith. Ladies and gentlemen, as a rule, were Churchmen, unless they happened either to be eccentric in their tastes or Roman Catholics. The latter faith was, as it were, a visitation from on high which they had inherited from birth, in the same way as a hare-lip or a big purple blotch on one side of their face. To be eccentric was permissible if one was either born a Martin, or a Fitzgibbon, or any other of the hierarchy of the West Riding, such as a Mundell or a Milton-Rounde. A gamekeeper might be a dissenter, but not a coachman or a butler, for it was painful to sit behind a man who was not properly baptised, or to drink wine poured out by one who did not walk up the church on a Sunday as it were strewed with eggs.

My Aunt Alexia, either by reason of her deafness or descent, had a hard temper, much like the disposition of an Airedale terrier; in fact all her relations said that she was "varmint", a term which in their mouths was laudatory, for they applied it indifferently to dogs and horses, animals at least as sacred in their eyes as was the cat to the Egyptians, as well as to mankind. Still she was kind-hearted, though brusque and masculine, and not without a vein of tenderness. As a child I stood in awe of her, partly on account of her exterior, partly because she was so deaf; but she had humour, a gift that always wins the confidence of children in a way older people seldom understand.

As fate would have it, this lady, a pattern of propriety and commonplace, with all the virtues and the failings of her class, her strong self-will and great austerity of face and bearing, had for a mate a man as different from her as the day is from the night, or, as she would have said, as chalk from cheese, in her old-fashioned speech.

Born in a military prison at Verdun, General Hickman Currie had grown up, not only speaking French, but quite a Frenchman in his ideas and ways. Short and well-made, he must have been in youth what he called "un joli garçon"; but in the days when I remember him he was a wizened little man, alert and active, and with a chestnut wig that could have taken nobody in, and least of all a boy. Well over seventy, I remember him rolling his eyes and playing the guitar, as he sang love-songs in the Spanish tongue, which language he had acquired in youth, and spoke it volubly in the Gallic fashion, accentuating every syllable alike, so that it seemed a kind of gibberish more than a human speech.

His wigs were my delight, for he had three of them, and now and then, when he was staying at a country house, he would appear with one a little longer than the last, and after looking in the glass would say "My hair has grown ridiculously long", and go off into town.

All his upbringing and his military life, for he had served with credit in several campaigns, were not much calculated to make him what is called "domesticated", and his chief object to the last day of his life was what he euphemistically styled gallantry, being, as he said, "equally at home with any one of them". How such a man, with all his graces and his wigs, his songs to the guitar, his love of women, and his way of looking at the world, could have endeared himself to Aunt Alexia, always puzzled me. They seemed to pull together passably, for he, no matter what his practice may have been, always was outwardly discreet, and treated her with deference, and, though he made no secret of his tastes, never gave cause for scandal, and yet one felt that there was something not quite right between them, rather divined than seen. Their marriage had been one of inclination, for Aunt Alexia was by report in those days not ill-looking in an Amazonian fashion, and possibly less deaf. Money

they neither of them had, though each had something, and of course the General had his pension, for in the days when I remember him he had long turned his sword into a walking-stick, and had become a pillar of the club in a small watering-place.

Nothing restrained the General from his universal love-making; but by the time that I remember him it had become rather an affair of making compliments and eyes than of what he called "pushing the attack". Still the old spirit lingered in him, for at a picnic, when a lady had got into some difficulty, he turned to me and told me to go to her assistance, and when I, boy-like, said she did not seem to need my help, rejoined "A woman always is in need of help, my boy . . . especially on occasions when there is no need". My aunt looked upon his vagaries leniently enough in those days, though in the past they must have been of some annoyance to her, as I learned from another aunt of mine, whom report said the General had offended, either by making or not making love to her.

"My dear", said this good lady, "your Aunt Alexia has had a good deal to put up with from the General."

I could not help thinking that perhaps the General also had had something to put up with, but said nothing, knowing that if I did my aunt would not impart the information that was trembling on her tongue. "You see, my dear", she said, "your Aunt Alexia was one of those who understood when it was politic not to see everything." No one could possibly have accused my Aunt Margaret of not seeing everything. She was an Ogilvy, she used to say with pride, in the same way she might have stated she was vertebrate, and one of the mammalia, and certainly she could weigh a person in the balance and find him wanting at a glance.

Aunt Margaret resumed, "Your Aunt and General Hickman, a person whom I never liked, for I could not abide his airs and graces, respected and possibly loved each other, for now that all is past see what a happy pair they are. Still, dear, your Aunt Alexia once was young, although to look at her to-day . . .". Aunt Margaret was a good seven years senior to my other aunt, and took snuff freely, drying her handkerchiefs before the fire after the operation, and at no epoch of her life could possibly have been attractive; but still remained a woman at the heart in matters that affected others of her sex. "You know it is galling for a woman to have her husband running after everyone, even if you have a moustache yourself, my dear." I agreed, and she resumed, "Your aunt always kept up appearances, and I think, in her secret heart, was rather proud of the General's reputation in the abstract; you know, my dear, no one likes concrete things, no matter what they say. Your Uncle Arthur, though he said he was a Buddhist, swore fearfully when he had an attack of gout. So, dear, when any of her friends—you know what fearful gossips your dear Aunt Charlotte and your cousin Rachel are—used to come to your Aunt Alexia with tales about her husband, she always said they were all lies. Still, like a prudent woman, she did not say much, biding her time. You recollect our Scottish proverb, "Juke and let the jaw gae by"?"

I thought my aunt kept, so to speak, her finger on the trigger for an unconscionable time; but knew that once primed she would fire at last and hit plumb-centre, for I knew her well, so I merely nodded, saying "What a memory you have for proverbs, Aunt Margaret! Better than Sancho Panza, I believe." "Ah yes, Sancho", she rejoined, and set about to gather up the disjointed fibres of her tale.

"Where had I got to? Oh yes, your Aunt Alexia always kept a stout heart to a stae brae, as the saying is, and never noticed many a thing that perhaps was not worth the noticing. Perhaps she never saw, and what the eyes do not see the heart does not grieve for, so it may be that she was wise enough. Deaf people are hard to understand. You never know what, or when they hear; but seeing is a different thing, and your aunt had a vision like a lynx. Well, well, the

General was appointed to a command in India. In those days the passage round the Cape took ninety to a hundred days. All of a sudden he became so attentive to your aunt that everybody was surprised. He used to bring her flowers, and walk about with her just as he must have done before their honeymoon. Your Aunt Alexia never seemed at ease when, as she used to say, her husband was too French in his behaviour. Anyhow the General said what could he do in India alone without his 'chère petite Alexie', and discoursed on the hardships of the voyage, for as the appointment was for a short time your aunt thought it was hardly worth her while to go so far afield. It was arranged that all goodbyes were to be said at home. The General said he could not bear to see his wife standing upon the shore and waving a wet handkerchief . . . a woman with her pocket handkerchief rolled up into a ball, red eyes, and hair flying in the wind . . . he used to say *decoiffée*, but always translated it and every other French word that he used, for your Aunt Alexia spoke no language but her own."

My aunt turned towards me, and, looking at my expectant face, said "I am not sure if it is altogether charitable to go on with my story, but it may serve you as a warning some day, so I will just go on." Aunt Margaret, being a Scotchwoman, had the saving gift of humour, so with a twinkle in her eye she went on with the story that she was bursting with desire to tell. "For several weeks—a voyage was a serious thing in those days—the General seemed to live down at the docks. He used to come back home to dinner worn out, as he said, with making proper preparations for his men. The soldier, he would say, lives through the stomach; feed him and he will follow you through fire; starve him and he will leave you in the lurch. Your Aunt Alexia, who I think had been captivated in the past by her husband's 'bonhomie', his easy manners, and his air of the complete man of the world, and who had always clung to him in spite of all his 'fredaines', as he called them, saying 'Men will be men', to which he answered 'Yes, my life, and women women', for he had no illusions as to woman's soulful love, now really began to respect him, as in her mind's eye she saw him labouring for the welfare of his men. As the time of sailing drew nearer day by day it seemed to Aunt Alexia as if she had been acting meanly in letting her husband take the voyage all alone. Though it had been agreed she should not come down to the ship to spare the General's feelings and her own at parting, as the day of his departure drew near, whether she suspected anything or whether she thought she ought to go and see if he was comfortable on board, she took a sudden resolution and drove down to the docks upon the morning of the day before the vessel sailed. The steward met her at the gangway, and as he ushered her below remarked 'We was on the lookout for you, Mum; the General's had the cabin done up beautiful, and only half an hour ago he sent a barrowful of flowers'." What my aunt thought no one but she herself could possibly have told; but she was "varmint", and made no sign, and quietly followed the steward down below.

The first glance round the cabin must have shown her how the land lay, for evidently the General did not contemplate a solitary voyage. Fresh chintz and flowers with plate and pictures gave the cabin an air as of a yacht, and two sea-cots standing beside each other, an air of domesticity unusual in the cabin of a transport in those far-distant days.

My aunt looked round, as if she had expected everything, just as she found it, said "It is all very nice, though the fresh paint and varnish is a little overpowering . . . send me a cup of tea". The plan of her campaign must have sprung to her brain at once intuitively, as to the brain of a consummate general in the field, for, taking off her bonnet and her wrap, she wrote a letter, which she sent back by the cab. After an hour or two the cab returned bringing her boxes, which she instantly unpacked. In the afternoon the General came down, whistling a little air, to see that all was right before he went off home

to take a tearful farewell of his wife. What passed between them when they found themselves together in the cabin none ever knew but the two principals, and they never divulged a word.

Later in the afternoon another cab arrived piled high with luggage, but a mysterious note handed in by the steward caused it to turn about and return silently to town. Early next morning the vessel put to sea, and as my aunt was a bad sailor, perhaps the General had an easier time for the first week than by all rights he had deserved. As the mysterious lady who was to have occupied the cot in which my aunt reposed had never shown herself abroad, matters remained in a vague condition of conjecture, and my Aunt Margaret when she told the story always declared that she thought Aunt Alexia most probably never let her husband really know that she suspected anything was wrong. How she explained her unexpected presence in the ship, Aunt Margaret had no idea; but she opined there must have been some awkward moments at the captain's table when conversation flagged, and when the cabin door was closed, and they retired to rest.

SPORT AND ART.

By C. H. COLLINS BAKER.

THE Greeks live for us chiefly through their art through Pheidias and Scopas, whose supreme perception exalted athletics, horse riding and driving into the most inspiring artistic manifestation. Neither Pheidias nor Scopas had an idea that the Parthenon Frieze or the Charioteer would attract in course of centuries the holy atmosphere, the incomparable sublimity of reputation they now have. For all we know Pheidias cracked jokes and on his bad days swore about his job like any ordinary artist. With an eye steeped in the spectacle of horses, athletes and draperies blown in the wind; with finer sympathy and perception than their fellows, and with perfect knowledge of their craft, these men just worked at the things they saw about them, pouring out their best and keenest on the themes which gave them the maximum of rhythm and movement. We to-day, worshipping the results, envy the Greek sculptors their environment and sigh over what we consider the wretched contrast ours presents.

I have consistently disparaged photography as a literal and limiting affair incapable of expressing essential significance: moreover I have never seen a ladies' golf championship played. The apparent irrelevance of these statements shall be justified. We universally deplore the poverty of inspiration in our conditions, in our costume, materialism and prosaicism; possibly the Athenians of Pheidias' day did just the same. But among them just men were found to extract the utmost beauty of significance and movement from every-day sport. No more egregious mistake can be made than to concur tamely with our pessimistic view concerning the poverty of beauty to-day. Our finest athletes are probably as fine as any Pheidias saw. Last week an illustrated paper published photographs of the Ladies' Golf Championship; photographs that are artistically inadequate. But one little print of, I believe, the winner at the end of her driving stroke lit up for me (who have not seen a game of this class) the amazing and essential beauty that must fill this sport from end to end. No Greek sculptor had more inspiring material or freer and nobler action to liberate creative impulse. Seen but through the mechanical medium of a photograph (which I must add was perfectly timed by the operator) this figure was heroic in its grand swing and freedom; Athene herself or Artemis was not more splendid in large action. The skirt and sports coat followed the fine lines of the figure; the muscles of the shoulders, the subtle action of the spine and the complex planes of the back, the hip and thigh were not concealed by the light, close-fitting and wholly suitable dress, to which a Panama hat gave completion of design.

Where, then, are our sculptors? How many of them

seek inspiration in the sports that permeate our life? Cricket, tennis, golf, swimming, or rather diving, are full of perfect movements; I need not refer to those great artists of the Russian ballet. Unless indeed in parenthesis I comment on the ineffectual display that M. Nijinski's theorising à la Post-Impressionist made of "Le Sacre du Printemps"; in which no genuine emotion and understood significance lightened a mass of faked barbarism and anecdotal dullness. For their material our sculptors and subject painters dabble tepidly in classic or romantic themes; Dianas and Charities and contrite Magdalens or Magdas, or hazy, windy allegories representing "The Sons of the Future" and "The Spirit of the Ages". They make no real effort to live in their own day: their precious people are abstractions, and I have even seen a statue of a lady playing golf stark naked. This performance, though commendable in so far as it was distantly related to life, was of course completely silly. No one plays golf naked for natural good reasons; hence the statue was not only funny but false in sentiment. But as illustrating our prevalent ideas as to the artistic hopelessness and poverty of contemporary life and dress it is important. For until our artists get over this flaccid, morbid prejudice they will not do anything of lasting interest. What artist but Degas has attempted to annex for his art the rhythmic beauty of the ballet; what sculptor or painter has given us the superb movements of batsmen, fielders, bowlers or the wonderful properties of a white-flannelled eleven issuing from the pavilion to field? The action of a good tennis player serving—well I will not go on about it, merely repeating Where are our artists?

In landscape of course they engage the life they know; but even here how much they leave alone as hopelessly tainted by contemporary conditions! The other day I travelled through Birmingham, Wolverhampton and Wellington. Between these places all along the line were subjects of a strange unrivalled beauty. Stretches of barren and discarded mounds, great foundry stacks, rising against the silvery-grey sky with strong pure lines, masterpieces of engineering art; the intermittent flicker of pale golden flames issuing from vents high up against the sky; enormous buildings at the base of the stacks with powerful silhouettes making almost perfect designs, and over all the envelope of our humanity, sombre, inevitable and beautiful. Only the sentimental would call these industrial landscapes sordid or depressing; they have not the sparkling sapphire and marble whites of Greece, but Greece has not the colossal dignity of modern life and work that reigns over these Midlands.

Pre-Raphaelitism did not come to grips with the significant life of England in 1850. Indeed if we are honest with ourselves we find it harder and harder to explain what exactly of permanent value the Brotherhood did. Mr. Aitken is warmly to be congratulated on the loan exhibition at the Tate from which Ford Madox Brown emerges as the most considerable artist of that group. He was himself a man of marked and unusual mental cast; Millais seems in contrast a sentimentalist. Whereas Brown's content, the human significance and indefinableness of his characterisation, make his technical lack unimportant, no amount of brilliant execution and fine drawing makes "Autumn Leaves", "The Crusaders", "Only a Lock of Hair" or "Early Piety" unsentimental and true. Millais' innate sentimentality dragged him into technical falsehoods; he forced the reds of lips and cheeks, the arch of eyelids and brows, the curve of lips, not wittingly perhaps so much as inevitably. Brown's work is unselfconscious in colour and in sentiment; "The Writing Lesson", with its beautiful greens and silvery flesh and indefinable mood, might be compared with "Autumn Leaves" or "Early Piety", in which the expressions are deliberately, consciously intensified so that they cease to be true by becoming sentimental. Brown's "Dr. Primrose", "St. Oswald", "The Stages of Cruelty", which is marred by the ill-placed dog and child, and "Finding the Body of Harold" are all remarkable, some from the point of design, some for

their elusive quality of livingness. With Madox Brown we feel that he absorbed the significance of a given theme and then gave it forth a new thing coloured with and compact of a unique individuality. Such recreation is rare in Millais; his "Lorenzo and Isabella" is but a skilled arrangement of mimes taking and making appropriate poses and facial gestures. Rossetti's "Burd Alane" is stimulating in its expression of emotion and conception that elude analysis, for here again is unique and unrepeatable thought created.

In a postscript I must refer to the series of Turner sketches that Mr. Aitken lately has had framed and exhibited. These sketches are exhilarating and demand close study. For the most part they are interiors, done at Petworth. Like the master's landscapes they are unparalleled, showing not only genuine and direct but also intense perception of nature. Mr. Tom Mostyn's exhibition at the Grafton Gallery shows industry, sincerity, and sometimes direct personal perception. A painter of many manners, Monticelli's, Boecklin's, Rembrandt's, Millet's among them, he yet contrives to pass on to us the reflexion of his own feeling; but we seldom get the quickened sympathy that only is communicated by pictures whose conception was intense and urgent.

THE NERVE DOCTOR.

WHEN Apollo in the "Iliad" spoke to Poseidon of the race of men as like the leaves, now glowing with life and again languishing spiritless, he might have been thinking of their nervous breakdowns. Dr. Musgrove* is quite epic in the use of similes. He starts with one which, turned in Fielding's style, would run: "As when an express train speeding from London to Edinburgh at sixty miles an hour, the passengers sitting comfortably without a thought of impending trouble, suddenly they feel a jerk and a jar and the train comes to a standstill and is reduced to an inert mass without power; so in the prime of life a man about to reach the heights towards which he has been for long years striving, suddenly finds himself incapable of the work in which he rejoiced and"—in short breaks down; his nerves gone. The simile is apt for the layman who is to be warned of his ignorance and indiscretions that he may not fall into the hands of the Faculty and suffer from them a tedious recovery.

From about forty-five is the fateful age when the danger of nervous breakdown is always an imminent possibility. Men are then in the full stress of work or have become stale with the ennui of too much leisure. It is about the time when the body begins to shirk vigorous exercise; when vigorous exercise may indeed be harmful, and when the poisons produced by foods and drinks are eliminated less regularly and rapidly. Bad habits begin to show their cumulative effects and the recovery after indiscretions is less certain and slower. This is the age when instruction should be given in the laws of health; though it is a doubtful question whether, like virtue, health can or cannot be taught. If it can, then is the time to teach it—at the fool or physician stage of life. Unfortunately at this age we can only be half-timers in the school of health; and the best we can do is from time to time to hurry for ad hoc instruction to the doctor; and it is often perfunctorily given.

The difficulty about the laws of health so called is that they are so particular and individual. No law of feeding, or drinking, or exercise, or amusement can be stated as a universal. The exceptions amount in the end to as much as the rule. There is no lack of knowledge of the healthy stimulation of fresh air; but enthusiasm for open windows may be dampened by experience of resulting bronchitis, asthma or deafness. We may so easily mistake draughts for ventilation. Who can be sure that he takes his hot or cold or Turkish bath on all occa-

sions with discretion? We may take exercise when we need rest and be sleeping or resting when exercise is the proper regimen. No law of health is more authoritative than "Thou shalt not eat too much": but there is an equally valid law against eating too little; and between the two nothing is easier than to go wrong. A man is worried and irritable, and according to the symptoms is on the verge of a nervous breakdown. He hears of hobbies, and tries golf. He need not be surprised if Dr. Musgrove warns him that he has mistaken his hobby and must give it up. It increases his worry and irritation, and a course of light novel reading or pottering with photography would have been more soothing; a statement which to most of us we hope is incredible. But always your expert when he gets beyond a few general directions abandons you to blunder amongst the particulars and to make yourself worse or better just as it may chance. You are then like the doctor who does not understand your "constitution". You have to try experiments on yourself as a special case distinct from every other individual; and this kind of self-knowledge is at least as difficult to acquire as any other knowledge of oneself. The trained doctor even can do little for you in the ordinary irregularities of health. He prefers you to be ill so that you can be classed in some definite category. Then he has all the ascertained rules for the occasion. He is at home with you in a fever and will lay down the law confidently; but if you desire his directions for avoiding the ordinary indigestion you take with your every meal he possibly knows even less than yourself. In that the patient must minister to himself.

Nervous breakdown is doubtless often due in the case of the ordinary healthy person, who has no specific nervous history, to a long-continued course of infractions of the law which he ought to know applies to himself, but which he has failed to grasp. While many illnesses are in the nature of accidents, a nervous breakdown is very commonly a slow malady brought on by the imprudences and irregularities of ordinary life. Mental trouble and worry, excessive strain and anxiety of work, pecuniary difficulties or domestic trouble may affect us first on the mental side and then follow the disorders of digestion which poison the nerves. We always prefer to trace a nervous breakdown to the more dignified of the two origins. Generally however this is a usteron proteron account of the history. More usually our case is only another form of that "commercial travellers' dyspepsia" which afflicts those unfortunates whose meal-times are compulsorily varied, owing to the exigencies of their occupation and the vagaries of railway trains. We easily see this sort of thing must be wrong; and to the degree in which we choose or are compelled to live as irregularly as the commercial traveller, the nerve consequences from dyspepsia will follow. And yet there arises here one of the familiar dilemmas. Intervals, says one of our laws, must not be too long; another says they must not be too short. Break a long interval by a "snack" and you probably take the next meal too soon. Avoid the snack and your next meal is too long postponed.

We despair of avoiding the nervous breakdown in a domain where anarchy and not law prevails. Pope's first version of Nature at large in the "Essay on Man" was that it was "An endless maze without a plan". His second thought was that it was "not without a plan". If he had considered the laws of health he might have veered about with the same looseness of conviction. Nature provides our daily bread, the staff of life; it is her greatest boon and a two-shillings duty on wheat would be devastating. Yet our expert Dr. Musgrove gives us the startling information that "bread accounts for more dyspepsia than all other causes put together, and for more miserableness than all the incidental troubles and misfortunes of life in one". And if for more dyspepsia, by a simple inference for more nervous breakdowns. How then is the "hale old gentleman of eighty" to be explained, who takes every night a supper of this very staff

* "Nervous Breakdowns and How to Avoid Them." By Charles D. Musgrove. Bristol: Arrowsmith. 1913. 2s. 6d. net.

of life with cheese and beer and walnuts, going to bed immediately afterwards and waking up fresh and vigorous in the morning? Are cheese and beer and walnuts the antidotes to the poison in the case of this remarkable old gentleman? Most of us, as Dr. Musgrove truly says, if we took such a supper would go to bed to stay. The antidotes do not operate for us. The oracle gives no reply; and left to our own meditations on the laws of health we can only conclude that we must take our nervous breakdowns, with other misfortunes, as they come.

AMERICA FULFILLED.

By JOHN PALMER.

I AM told that the Americans are the only architects to-day; that the beautiful severity—the elegance of complete fitness—to be observed in the Kodak building in Kingsway is an American protest in England against English architecture of the academies. English architecture litters the exterior of our twentieth-century banks, houses and shops with ornaments picked up from European curiosity shops. Before me as I write is the façade of a respectable British bank made horrible with applied Corinthian columns and capitals. They have nothing whatever to do with anything any Englishman ever thought or felt about anything. Nor do they serve any useful purpose. They are gummed on to make it pretty. When I have finished this article I shall pass under the Norman arch of a block of mansions into a street where Athens, Byzantium and Rome of all ages fight for supremacy; where bits of an old cathedral, mixed up with fragments of a Jacobean country house, seem to support (but they do not support anything) the architrave of the Greek temple whither I am going to deposit a small cheque. Later in the day I shall make my way into North London through a garden suburb of timber and rough cast where English rural simplicity is mechanically repeated by speculating builders at prices ranging from £365 per hutch. If America can—as they say—find a remedy for this sort of thing, America will be forgiven many of her sins against art and manners.

But it is not my intention to write about architecture. Architecture is my allegory. The condition of English architecture is the condition of English farce. Just as America, by returning to first principles in building, is building in a way not positively offensive, so, by returning to first principles in writing farce, America is writing farces that are not positively unendurable. Why are the offices of an English Provident Company overweighted with irrelevant Greek female figures representing Thrift bringing comfort and sustenance to Poverty? The root of the trouble is in the architect's unconscious assumption that no building straightforwardly erected to fit the purposes of a provident company could of itself be beautiful or desirable. They see no beauty in fitting means severely to an end; in taking the direct and simple way with their material. They distrust modern life. They suspect the mere honest work which they are called to do of being beneath their dignity. Consequently their job, when it is finished, has a snob's vulgarity. This vulgarity is impossible in the artist—or the artisan—who is not superciliously above his business. Being above one's job is perhaps the surest way of being beneath it. Beauty, if it comes to an honest workman, comes as a part of his design. Almost it comes as an accident. All this applies to the English writer of farce, who does it badly, and to the American, who does it well. English authors unconsciously assume that farce is a low form of entertainment. They like to be able to call their play a comedy; or at any rate a farcical comedy. The failure of English farce is the failure of the man too big for his business. Like the English architect building a bank or an office, he is continually introducing ornaments and devices that have nothing to do with the object of his design. He desires to lend it a spurious dignity. Instead of writing farce, the pure and simple

farce which his American rival does not disdain, he must needs be satirical, emotional, clever, or even profound. In pursuit of these high irrelevant ambitions he does precisely as our English architect. He borrows all sorts of ornaments from his predecessors who really had something to say. He covers his farce with decoration corresponding to the capitals and columns of the façade confronting me through the open window. A modern English farce translated into stone is neo-Classic or neo-Gothic.

American authors take their farces seriously. Therefore they are rarely dull. English authors cannot be induced to take their farces seriously even when they consent to describe them as farces. An English farce is consequently a thoroughly exhausting and depressing form of entertainment. They make one cross. An English author flings his farce at you with the aggressive self-assertion of a man who is secretly ashamed of a disgraceful action. His players are equally stricken in conscience. They all talk as fast as they possibly can, lest the audience should have time to realise the inferior quality of their conversation. As soon as it becomes obvious that the audience is beginning to realise what sort of stuff it is to which they are listening, the players change their tactics. Instead of trying to elude their critics by talking fast, they try to bully them by talking loud. The noise upon the stage increases with the apathy of the spectators. The climax of an English farce never varies. The stage is uplifted with simulated energy and high spirits. The audience is downcast with unstimulated boredom and fatigue.

To perceive wherein lies the advantage of the American over the English method of writing farces it is only necessary to visit (1) the Ambassadors Theatre, where an English farce by Mr. Harold Smith has started upon an uncertain career; (2) the New Theatre, where "Officer 666" continues to delight all fortunate people who realise that the secret of successful absurdity is to be serious about it. Mr. Harold Smith's "The March Hare" is not a bad farce as English farces go. It is a neo-Gothic masterpiece almost worthy of one who regularly sits within the shadow of Victoria Tower. But Mr. Smith would not himself suggest that the excitement upon his stage arouses anything like a corresponding excitement in the audience; and the explanation of this has already been suggested. "The March Hare" follows the English tradition of farce as something which rattles noisily along propelled by extravagant stage figures whose business it is perpetually to shout at one another across seas of very preposterous misunderstanding. Visit the New Theatre. It is another world—the entirely decorous, albeit surprising, world we have already entered in company with English Wycherley and Irish Wilde. "Officer 666" is a good farce for the same reason that "The Country Wife" and "The Importance of Being Earnest" are good farces. Its absurdities are for the moment taken as gravely as Shakespeare took the progress of Hamlet. The author has made a good job of "Officer 666". He did not feel it was condescending of him to write a farce. He has written quite seriously within an extravagant convention. He exploits his idea (a farce might almost be defined as a comedy of one idea) smoothly, ingeniously, gravely and intently. As a farce should, it proceeds from its root idea with a pell-mell logic of its own. It has the prime virtue of farce—it goes. All its virtues spring from the frankly solemn intention of its author to extract from his idea every possible combination of diverting circumstances. He takes the business in hand with an honest directness. Nothing is irrelevant. There is the minimum of character; no emotions except those which assist the rapid surprises and alternations of the plot. There is no time to think; no necessity to wonder. It is plain farce, whose merit comes inevitably from the author's taking the direct and simple means to his end.

Have we here America's contribution to modern civilisation? "Officer 666" is like the Kodak building in Kingsway. America may certainly be worse fulfilled than in American farces and American factories. America takes these things seriously. America can be

very serious in absurdity and not despise the necessary task of housing the activities of the market-place. Possibly there is a lesson here for an older and a wiser people.

PEACH HARVEST.

By DOROTHY RICHARDSON.

THE "Jubilee" and the "Little Low" run end to end along the sheltered side of the wing facing on to the high-walled tangle of garden, the only patch of flower-garden—and that beleaguered by "frames" and threaded by espaliers—on the whole of the homestead acres.

If you stand between the two houses, on the little humped pathway leading from the "garden" through to the pigeon-haunted lawn, the scattered vineries, the miscellaneous greenhouses, and the final kitchen garden sprawling over the gentle slope of the low hillside, you can look right and left down long vistas where peaches are hanging, globes of misty rose in a thicket of grey-green leaves; deep-toned in the tempered light pouring through the steamy lichen-grown panes.

It is peach-time again, the beginning of harvest for the old brown house on the low hillside. There will be no break now in the garnering until the last bunch of Christmas grapes shall have been cut.

Everyone knows that the good days have set in once more. The sense of the fact fills the house. It clears away the winter's accumulations, cleanses store-rooms and shelves, mends market baskets, sorts piled boxes and packing materials. It presides at every repast, setting a tone, retuning all voices. It gives an added tenderness to private griefs and sets its firm stamp on joy. Strangers and pilgrims will come under its influence. It will draw them from afar. They will come bringing with them memories of past summers, eager to add another to their chain. They will have their part in the festival of gathering. They will feast their eyes. They will help in the reaping of the hard-won bounties. . . . But it is not thus, not in any summer's pilgrimage, however charmed and appreciative, that you may know the full meaning of peach-time in the old house.

To have that knowledge at its utmost you must have lived through the months of waiting. You must have shared in the Autumn's glazing of the long low houses, in the washing of walls and the painting of stems and branches. You must have swept away the dried leafage of summer and felt the darkness and the cold settling down on the old house, have seen it stripping and dimming the garden and fields. You must have shared the daily care, have kept watch for enemies, have fought the frosts with high-banked fires. Above all, you must remember the morning in February when going from the sober breakfast-table discussion of the day's business and opening the creaky stubborn door of the Jubilee you saw, away down the vista, against the sunlit, whitewashed wall, the first star of pale blossom gleaming from the side of a firm brown stem.

If you have known all these things, and the further careful weeks, the fertilising, the anxious "thinning", the swelling of the dull green knobs through the swift spring days, every summer's evening will bring you, woven into its own full sweetness, the sense of the perfect cycle of the year, the good farm year, redeemed from toil and strain, visible at last, a gleaming chain of experience, full and complete at the heart of the immediate moment. . . . Every morning now brings a going down into the tender, silent brilliance, a skimming from the abundance of hot-house and garden. There may be days when you will know how good it is to be the first stirring in the old house on a morning in peach-time, to be the first to open the door to the early day. . . . There lie the houses undisturbed—sleeping, squat and shining in the crystal light pouring from the far-away vault of the high-hung morning sky. All round you is the wakening garden. Just beyond, at the foot of the low hill, are the full meadows and the yellowing wheat-fields. Far off, clear etched along the

low horizon, lie unknown farms and homesteads calling to your heart, they are so new and fair. You may look for a while, and then you must take the carrier's flag from its place behind the two workaday guns propped in the corner just inside the doorway and make pilgrimage with it "round" the house along the broad gravel pathway under the larch trees across the dewy "front" garden, a tiny plot filled with flowering shrubs and rank grass, to the little gate half hidden in the thickset hedge. The click of the gate and the sight of you and your banner will bring the farmyard colony across the way noiselessly scurrying over the glistening grass. They will line up for a moment, motionless and expectant, a fringe of brilliant colour along the margin of the meadow. They will watch you as you thrust the bamboo stick into the breast of the hedgerow, dispersing only when you turn back to the creaking garden gate. That duty done, the signal visible from the carrier's cottage three fields away, you may go back into the silent house. If you want to take a look at to-day's peaches before you go to your outdoor gleanings, you can break in at the front door through the little geranium-scented glass porch, along the dim, faintly mouldering passage-way past the closed doors of the silent living-rooms to where the treasure lies stored at the heart of the sleeping house. They were gathered yesterday, tenderly, at the close of the day. No packing-shed or outhouse may harbour them during their hours of waiting. The little "study" must serve them as sanctuary; its dingy cabinets, shell and fossil filled, its case of stuffed marsh-birds on either side of the deep ingle, must make what terms they can with the invaders. As you open the door a faint, warm fragrance meets you, Summer's richest breath moving in the chill mustiness of the little sunless room.

The morning light, filtering through the larch-trees, stretching their delicate fingers towards the slumbering house, pours softly into the quiet room. It lies serenely over the width of table standing below the window and stripped for the season of its winter drapery.

Ranged upon its homely surface—scrubbed to a dazzling fairness—lie the globes of fruit, cheek by cheek, pale-gleaming cheek by dusky cheek. They will colour under the widening stream of day until at last they shine full as the sun left them, clear soft velvet, rose-washed, filmy crimson fading into rosy-green, creamy purple blanching to pale daffodil, and when the eastern meadows are warm with three hours of sunshine and all the house is astir, gentle hands will move amongst them to clasp, unpressing, to choose and shift and range. Swift hands will weave nests for them and line roomy boxes and punnets. Hardly a soul in the household but will have some share in the careful bustle, until at last the fruit lies close-packed, every firm hemisphere showing, unblemished bloom, from its circlet of snowy wool. . . . Nine o'clock brings the quick step of the carrier, hurrying, flag in hand, up the garden path.

A little procession winds its way to the cart. There is a sound of voices in the lane, then the start, the dragging down the hill, the trit-trot of the horses along the level. The peaches are off for another day, travelling swiftly, sure of their market. The one tryst of the farm day has been kept. The hours come quietly to their own again. They pass unwatched. The end of the morning is invisible as yet. One may give oneself up to the high, wide hours. Work and chat will go steadily on. The vegetables are gathered in trugs from the hillside, the flowers from the high-walled garden are cut and bunched, the fruit collected in baskets and trays from up and down the sunbaked hot-houses. All must be carried up across the lawn and stacked about the door of the potting-shed to be weighed and packed. Towards noon the market cart is brought out into the stable-yard. There is much consulting and shifting and contriving to be done before the whole load is up. The bracing and covering can be done later. The cart will make its journey this afternoon, or maybe not until to-morrow early.

The summons to the long, cool room where the mid-

day meal is laid has come more than once. It brings the turn of day. The afternoon sets in as you cross the threshold; quiet, drowsy work lies ahead, clearing and tying up, weeding and hosing—slow dimmed zestless hours when the magic fades from immediate things and wavers even upon the far horizon. But in the end the moment comes when you know that a change is there. Life has crept back. The colour is deepening everywhere. The last hours of the working day brim and brim until the hush at the heart of being has been reached once more. It will cherish you during all the hours of leisure.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ROSE DAY AND HOSPITAL FINANCE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Wells House Malvern Wells

13 July 1913.

SIR—Putting on one side the discussion of "Rose Day" as such, Mr. Holland's letter certainly seems to point out clearly enough the pass we have come to. As you say in your note, "if Mr. Holland's account is correct, which we cannot doubt, the whole odious and wasteful business of 'voluntary' money-raising ought to be swept away". Hospital finance, like that unfortunately of many other charities, has to be put upon the same basis as the latest pill or freak of fashion to be kept going at all. And even then it is always more or less in a parlous condition.

There seems to be a sort of competition among the hospitals as to which can raise the largest income, and the one that comes out top congratulates itself on its achievement; and no doubt rightfully so from its own point of view. It can now accommodate more patients, and the number of patients, no matter what the income, seems always more than capable of emptying the most abysmal pocket.

It is an interesting point for discussion as to whether an increase in hospitals is directly concerned in an increase of those in a state to be patients. Probably patients and hospitals act and react the one upon the other. But it is certain that our forefathers did not have our advantages in this respect to any appreciable extent, and yet this age in which we live, with all their number, is not conspicuous for its hardihood or health. The number of sick people to-day of all classes is an appalling national outlook. What I would ask is—Do the hospitals at all consider the "ethical aspects" of the case?

If one's expenditure cannot be met by one's income, there are two sane remedies to choose from in order to meet the case. Either decrease the expenditure or increase the income. The latter course is the more fashionable nowadays. But from what one can gather from Mr. Holland's letter the income in the case of hospitals seems about to have reached the zenith, and so for them there is only the one alternative.

I speak entirely as a layman, but is it not a fact that a large number of the cases that come to a hospital for treatment would never come at all but for the ignorance of the general public in the ways of health? And again, does a patient after a sojourn in a hospital come out much better equipped in the knowledge of those ways, so that if possible by an alteration of living he may not have to return? I write rather for information than in any spirit of adverse criticism. "All the leading papers in London" probably do not put in the whole-page appeals free gratis, and if not, would not the balance in favour of the sick poor and others be larger if, instead of an appeal for funds, they contained and explained some simple rules of life and health? After all a mens sana is the cause, not the effect of a corpus sanum, and that right attitude of mind which is at the bottom of health might be brought about much more cheaply and lastingly by such and other educational methods than by the con-

sumption of the tons of pills and gallons of drugs that this nation annually takes.

Who but can admire and be thankful for the utter "self-sacrifice" of the "magnificent workers" in this cause of humanity? But as you say so rightfully, Sir, "What a farce that such energy should be devoted to luring unwilling givers", when it might in other channels be expended so fruitfully in the regeneration of the health, spirit and well-being of the nation.

The ideal hospital is not that with the largest income and the most up-to-date accommodation and appliances, but that which by reason of their paucity is able to cope with its patients. The general public is apathetic enough, it is true; but there is also the point of view of the "unwilling giver" who seems to be putting his money into a hole without a bottom.

I am Sir yours faithfully

C. JENNINGS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Seamen's Hospital Society,
Dreadnought Hospital Greenwich S.E.

15 July 1913.

SIR—It would certainly be bad finance if Rose Day or any other charitable appeal cost 9s. for every 10s. collected, though some of us think (and I should have expected to find the SATURDAY REVIEW among the number) that the voluntary system is worth preserving in these days of State management at almost any cost.

But as a matter of fact the proportionate cost of appeal work to the total income of hospitals is nearer 5 per cent. than 90 per cent., and the certain increase of expenditure under State management would far outweigh the saving of the comparatively small sum now spent on appeal.

The hard work of such men as Mr. Holland does maintain the voluntary system, and no doubt that is for him and for others in like case a sufficient reward.

As far as I can estimate, 100 miles of writing means about 60,000 letters. If Mr. Holland really gets only £50 in reply he must be singularly unfortunate; with all its disappointments our experience is more encouraging than that, but of course the wider and more indiscriminate your appeal the smaller the return tends to be. In any case these figures apply only to new subscriptions or donations. The great proportion of income is obtained at very little cost.

The expenditure on appeals at the London in the year 1912 appears as only £1709; and the income (exclusive of investments) as £82,000; so after all Mr. Holland has not much to complain of.

Most hospitals maintain a high state of efficiency and manage to meet their expenditure pretty well. But they can only do so by stimulating the generosity of the charitable, and no doubt rather extravagantly worded appeals cause misconception of the position. We never shall have as much money as we could spend well, but we do get just enough to carry on with and enough to maintain, I hope indefinitely, the voluntary system.

I am Sir yours faithfully

P. MICHELLI

Secretary Seamen's Hospital Society.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

16 July 1913.

SIR—I envy Mr. Holland and Mr. Harlow, for they gave willingly whilst I gave unwillingly, being too tired and seedy to face the endless worrying that I knew from past experience would otherwise be my fate; for last year I did resist.

The only good side to Alexandra Day is that it gives those who benefit chiefly by the hospitals an opportunity of showing their gratitude and appreciation. And by all accounts this opportunity was used to a considerable extent. But there is another side and much to be said on it.

What of the real flower-sellers and other street traders whose earnings on Rose Day must have been

greatly reduced if they did not cease to be? I am not out to defend street trading, but it is a recognised and I believe licensed pursuit that should not be cut into by the unlicensed amateur. What of the snobbishness encouraged by the whole business? For it is as certainly snobbish to boast of the rose bought from an actress-peeress as it is to give a big subscription in order to be invited to a League of Mercy garden-party. Further, no change was allowed to be given; and what can be thought of the resulting wheedling, coquetry and undue influence? People do not like to think or they would see in such things an equal degradation of both seller and buyer. Beside this, the deliberate manufacture of rubbish and trash is of small account; but it should not be overlooked.

Mr. Harlow does not think that the sellers had any idea of profiting by their efforts; that may be so. But it is a fact that the organiser in 1912 started the movement in order to "get into society"; whether she was successful or not does not affect my point that the motive was not wholly charitable. These are some of the reasons which influenced

Yours faithfully AN M.P.'s WIFE.

VICARS v. LONMAIL SYNDICATE, LTD., AND OTHERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

19 Great Winchester Street E.C.

17 July 1913.

SIR—With reference to your article on this case in last week's issue of your paper, our client, Sir Arthur Vicars K.C.V.O., instructs us to write you that although he has not the pleasure of the acquaintance of Mr. Filson Young, the writer of the article, he is none the less sensible of the kindly expressions towards him therein contained.

Sir Arthur Vicars ventures, however, to ask you to permit him to correct a few mis-statements as to facts which Mr. Filson Young unconsciously makes; but having regard to the way in which the matter was treated by the Irish Government—which only tended to enshroud the whole affair in mystery—our client is of opinion that the writer of the article cannot be blamed for having fallen into error in regard to some of the details.

Dealing with such errors in the order in which they appear in the article, our client states:—

1. That the key of the safe in which the jewels were kept was not worn on a ribbon round his neck, but on a bunch of keys in his pocket, and was the only key on that bunch that had any reference to the office. The other keys were wholly of locks in his private house.

2. That your contributor states that he was "victimised by a group of young gentlemen adventurers of a very unpleasant type who came to him with perfectly good introductions. Some of these Sir Arthur, being unmarried, took to live with him in a kind of joint bachelor establishment . . . to some of them he actually gave work and position in his office". Mr. Filson Young is mistaken in his facts here, for Sir Arthur can positively state that he took no one to live with him in his house. From 1905 to 1907 a gentleman nominally occupied the position of joint-tenant with him, and held an honorary official position in his office, but he was scarcely ever in residence as he lived chiefly in London, where Sir Arthur seldom was. For a full year prior to the disappearance of the Crown jewels he only spent sixteen days in this house—spread over four visits. So much for the joint-tenancy. Sir Arthur Vicars, practically, was the sole occupant of this house, and scarcely ever had visitors residing with him.

3. That with the exception of one gentleman who stayed on a visit to him in August 1906 for six days, and in May 1907 for three days, when he occupied an honorary official position and came over to perform his ceremonial duties, no one who ever stayed at Sir Arthur's house had any access to his office, nor does he believe had any knowledge of the existence of the Crown jewels.

4. With reference to your contributor's statement that "there is another touch of Irish slackness with

regard to the actual custody of the jewels. They were kept in a safe in Sir Arthur Vicars' office in Dublin Castle (to which two at least of his friends had constant and official access)". Sir Arthur states that if this remark refers to the safe, he can only say, with most positive assurance, that no one but himself had access to the safe or the key. If it refers to the office, Sir Arthur's previous remarks above as to the limited visits to Dublin of the only two officials of his office will sufficiently show that Mr. Filson Young's statement is scarcely accurate. Finally, that all these facts would have been clearly demonstrated if he had been accorded the public and judicial inquiry which he asked for, and which he is still anxious to obtain.

In conclusion, Sir Arthur Vicars would like to state now, in the columns of your paper, with the most positive assurance, that there is not, and never was, any scandal whatever or any "sordid drama" in connexion with the disappearance of the Crown jewels, or in connexion with the persons implicated in the affair, and he defies anyone to produce any vestige of evidence on this point. Any such suggestions that have been made were made for a purpose and to confuse the issue, and, we think you will agree, with terribly cruel results to him.

We are Sir yours faithfully
FRANCIS AND JOHNSON.

THE UNIONIST LAND POLICY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Scarcroft near Leeds

13 July 1913.

SIR—Are you not less than fair to Conservatives like myself who disbelieve in Unionist constructive policies? Surely if anything were needed to justify our forebodings it would be the fact that the great constructive policy of Tariff Reform has hung fire for ten years, while the exaggerated statements used to support it—such as the "twelve millions on the verge of starvation"—have been turned against us with fatal effect?

Unionist "reforms" are the starting-point for Radical revolutions. Already Mr. Lloyd George and his followers are declaring that Lord Lansdowne admits the essential badness of our system of land-tenure by his proposals for its reformation. This of course is putting the matter in a false light; but unfortunately you cannot act "without prejudice" in politics and Lord Lansdowne's genuine desire to meet, as far as possible, the wishes of the enemies of his order are accepted by them not in the spirit of reciprocal generosity but with the exulting cry "Habemus confitentem reum".

Before we try legislation, at which the Radicals can always beat us hollow, why not see what voluntary effort can do? Both sides for instance agree that more cottages are wanted, and therefore neither side could logically oppose a measure for excluding tenements of less than £10 annual value, and funds earmarked for the purpose of building them, from the incidence of the death duties. If this were done, and the allowance for repairs and upkeep increased from one-sixth to one-third, I, for one, would gladly undertake, for myself and my successors, to erect a dozen cottages yearly for the next ten years, and I believe that there are at least a thousand other owners of land who would be willing in a greater or less degree to do the same.

In conclusion, it is generally assumed that small ownerships tend to check socialistic developments; but this is certainly not the case in Denmark, where Socialism is more powerful than ever.

Yours faithfully
C. F. RYDER.

MILITANCY AND FAIR PLAY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

29 Bassett Road W.

15 July 1913.

SIR—I note that you write in your issue of 12 July that Miss Sylvia Pankhurst "talks wildly of shooting

the Government". I am sure of your courtesy that you will be glad to acknowledge that she has been merely wildly reported and published. What she did say was "hoot" the Government, not "shoot". In regard to your remark that Miss Christabel Pankhurst "keeps her head sufficiently to keep away", may I suggest that the women of England would be very gratified if they could know that the men who wield the swords and drive the pens of England would use them neither to hit women in the back nor to attack their opponents anonymously? This last week has given us examples of each type of warrior.

Yours very sincerely
E. WYLIE.

THE COLCHESTER ACCIDENT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Ardleigh Colchester, 17 July 1913.

SIR—Mr. Justice Eve's complaint (in the "Times") is not a patch on ours. We are four and a half miles from Colchester, and yet at 11.40 A.M. on the 13th inst. our stationmaster either did not know or refused information as to who was killed or injured.

The G.E. Railway should send notices, however black, to local stations and to further ones.

Yours obediently
T. P. GODFREY.

"ART" AND THE PUBLIC.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Oxford, 12 July 1913.

SIR—In "Little Devil Doubt", by Oliver Onions, which appeared in 1909, occur these apposite words:

"At one time the multitude confided in its betters, and a little art, a little literature, was still possible. But now it confides in nothing but itself. It has no betters. All are betters. Once wise men gave it what was good for it; it was even a little wise itself, even in its ignorance, for it accepted what was good for it." . . . Did we wish to please the multitude we could not do it. . . . Let them find their own artists, authors; already they are doing it. . . . They are doing their work if they make the rottenness [sham education] more rotten. They're God's instruments too."

It is interesting to compare the whole passage with earlier views of Amiel and later ones of M. Faguet.

I am Sir your obedient servant
HERBERT H. STURMER.

THE PRICES OF PICTURES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London 16 July 1913.

SIR—Allow me to correct an error in my article of 21 June. Referring to the sale of a "Portrait Group" by Devis I said that it fetched over £2000. The actual price I find was £1942 10s.

Your obedient servant
C. H. C. B.

THE NEW FOREST FLORA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Little Clarendon Dinton Salisbury

12 July 1913.

SIR—In his pleasant article of 12 July Canon Vaughan writes of the New Forest wild flower *Pulmonaria officinalis*: "The early botanists mostly call it the bugloss-cowslip or the long-leaved sage of Jerusalem. How the name 'Jerusalem' came to be connected with the plant is unknown, but it evidently had some sacred associations, and the children of the New Forest call it to this day 'Joseph and Mary'."

A more familiar instance of this affix is in the name "Jerusalem artichoke", where a guesswork etymology has explained it as a corruption of the Italian *girasole*—the artichoke being a species of sunflower—and the initial misunderstanding has been extended to "Palestine soup", concocted from its tubers. But this vege-

table was grown and named in England long before it was known in Italy, and the explanation fails in the case of other plants which are in no sense sunflowers—e.g. this *Pulmonaria*, commonly called "Jerusalem cowslips" in Hampshire cottage-gardens, and *Phlomis fruticosa*, "Jerusalem sage". A very old gardener of mine used always to call French beans "Jerusalem beans". The meaning is probably "strange" or "new-fangled", and a survival from times as far back as the Crusades, when Jerusalem was the typically outlandish place—a use supplanted in later times by "French". A support of this explanation is the name "Sarsen"—i.e. Saracen—given to the gritstone boulders, foreign to a countryside of chalk and flint, which lie here and there on the Wiltshire downs and are the material of the greater part of Stonehenge. The village of Sarsen in Leicestershire is said to be so called because it was a settlement of foreign stocking-weavers.

The name "Joseph and Mary" is almost certainly another very interesting survival—a memory of days when children were familiar with the invariably red-purple and blue robes of S. Joseph and the Virgin respectively in statues and pictures. The *Pulmonaria*, as Canon Vaughan so well describes it, bears flowers red-purple and blue on the same stem.

Yours etc.
GEORGE ENGLEHEART.

"BY THE BROWN BOG."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Drishane House Skibbereen Co. Cork

10 July 1913.

SIR—A review having appeared in a prominent weekly paper attributing to us the authorship of a recently published volume of Irish stories entitled "By the Brown Bog", we shall be much obliged if you will kindly allow us to state that we are not the authors of this work.

Faithfully yours
E. CE. SOMERVILLE.
MARTIN ROSS.

NEGRO EMANCIPATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Georgetown British Guiana South America

21 June 1913.

SIR—Will you allow a reader of the SATURDAY REVIEW in this distant part of the Empire to raise a voice of protest against certain statements made by your correspondent, "A Mere Man", in your issue of the 10th ult.?

"A Mere Man" states, in his letter "On the Girl of the Period", "What is called the emancipation of women is having as disastrous results as the emancipation of the negro. Women are proving themselves as hopelessly unfitted to take up the citizen rôle as the negro to take his place among freemen". "A Mere Man" does not state which branch of the emancipated negro population of the world he especially refers to, but leaves one to infer that his implied charges of incompetence against the negro as a citizen are made against the negro in a general sense. When they are applied however to the negro of the British West Indies and British Guiana they are only baseless assumptions.

It would be interesting to read the reasons of your correspondent in support of his statements. In Sir Sydney Olivier's book on "White Capital and Black Labour" the position of the negro is differently put from that assumed for him by your correspondent, and any unprejudiced reader in this subject might with advantage read this little book, and there see what an ex-Administrator in West Indian affairs has said of the negro. Any impartial visitor to, or resident in, these colonies could tell your correspondent that instead of the negro being a failure as a citizen, he is here ably represented in every walk of life. He is to be found, and not in single or isolated cases, in the executive councils of Government, on municipal boards, in the

Civil Service, and in all the learned professions. The negro has many drawbacks—which race has not? But when it is remembered that his emancipation, comparatively speaking, was only secured within recent times—that of the West Indian negro dates from 1837, a period of barely seventy-six years—it is seen that his progress in every direction, including that of citizen, has kept pace with his years of freedom.

The negro question is being settled in these outposts of the Empire in quite a different manner from one "A Mere Man" might suppose, and statements such as his only do injury to the prospects of eventual settlement.

I am Sir yours faithfully
JUSTICE.

THE S. GILES' MISSION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

S. Giles' Christian Mission
4 Ampton Street Regent Square W.C.

11 July 1913.

SIR—I earnestly appeal to your readers to come to our aid. For over fifty-three years this Mission has worked unceasingly amongst the very poor, the sick and the fallen. Then every summer we send large numbers of deserving poor children, women and men for a stay at our holiday homes. In addition, we give day excursions to over one thousand children who attend our Sunday schools, Bible classes and children's services. Our work with boys, destitute and juvenile offenders, the better class of discharged prisoners, prisoners' wives and children are other branches, all recognised and endorsed by the highest official authorities. We depend entirely upon voluntary contributions, and sadly want money to enable us to carry on this year's work. Will your readers help us and respond quickly to our appeal?

Yours faithfully
WM. WHEATLEY, Superintendent.

THE SMALL HOLDER.

'TIS dig it here and trench it there
And lug the nettles out,
'Tis minin' for the lily bind,
And turnin' clods about;

'Tis payin' of good money down
To buy your dung an' seed,
And wire to stop the rabbits' runs;
'Tis sweatin' till yer bleed;

'Tis snares for mice and scares for birds,
And soot to choke the slugs,
An' fightin' of potato blight
Wi' squirtin' chemists' drugs;

'Tis fearin' of the plaguy frost
An' frettin' for the rain,
An' wonderin' if the sulky sun
Ull ever shine again;

'Tis winter thoughts of pride and hope,
An' spring wi' change o' plan,
And when the summer's bin and gone
'Tis just a humbled man.

An' yet 'tis vict'ry safe and sure,
For all men live from birth
On what the horny hand wrings out
From udders of the earth.

There's not a beggar drone alive,
Nor king beneath 'is crown
But fills 'is belly with the stuff
We grows upon the groun'.

An' whether 'tis the soul of man
Or this 'ere loam and clay,
'Tis honest work wi' sense an' sweat
That tells at Judgment Day.

ANNA BUNSTON.

REVIEWS.

SEX ANTAGONISM.

"Sex Antagonism." By Walter Heape. London: Constable. 1913. 7s. 6d. net.

SEX antagonism, in these times, is obviously a well-chosen and arresting title—a very trumpet-call to bring both Amazons and their adversaries onwards towards the fray. The lines of this book are twofold, anthropological and biological, combined or by turns: and though these approaches and outlooks to the field of controversy be too largely unfamiliar to all parties concerned, and to most uncongenial, to some even uncanny or esoteric, their utilisation is notwithstanding fundamental, and therefore relevant, and even urgent, to all parties alike. Hence the reviewer, eager for the permeation of social inquiries, and even of political discussions, by the methods and results of these growing studies of simpler life and simpler man, cannot but open his acquaintance with the author with that brief ceremonial of general understanding and congratulatory salute which is commonly said to have been traditional among the augurs of old. Thus, from the very outset, he may signal his hearty appreciation of the intrinsic merits and the valid authority of the forms of incantation employed; albeit with certain reserves as to procedure and efficacy as regards their chosen public—again, as doubtless of old, preponderatingly of the feminine gender—submissive or anarchic by turns, in any case less simple than they appear. As for the writer and his audience the here duly appointed go-between, the reviewer, must at once maintain the technical passwords, of biology and anthropology, as aforesaid, now "reproduction and sex", then "exogamy and totemism", yet encourage any who may incline to turn away, be it from fear, or humility, or pride, that there need be in their use neither danger, difficulty nor derogation; that fresh perspectives and even new horizons are thus opening; and, above all, that none can afford to ignore the fundamental processes of life, either individual or in grouping. For these, whether we like it or no, assuredly saturate civilisation in all its varieties and levels, from those we are wont to reckon as the very earliest and simplest, to our own institutions and difficulties, whether we stand for conservation or for change, for heredity or for variation. From these elemental standpoints of the sciences of life and man it is no longer a question whether we hold with Mrs. Pankhurst or with Mrs. Fawcett, with Mrs. Humphry Ward or with those to whom she has in her day seemed revolutionary; it is that of getting for a time below all their political and social doctrines to the elemental organic functionings, needs and impulses, difficulties and crises, antagonisms and co-adaptations, which continue profoundly, however at times obscurely, to influence each and every individual of us in varying quality, measure and degree throughout life, and assuredly also our groups as well: and this none the less (some say all the more), however reticent or sub-conscious be the individual and the group. Historians too long shrank from economic considerations, and economists from biological ones; but as regards the sexes and their social relations this analysis to simplest terms is obvious, and Mr. Heape is plainly right in insisting that it be faced. After all one does not need to profess anthropology to read Dr. J. G. Frazer's fascinating volumes, while the problems of sex and breed, in which Mr. Heape's life-work has been so instructive, are of instinctive and universal interest. The plan of his book is thus less strange than may at first appear. His introduction and his conclusion avow his endeavour to throw light upon our civilised problems, but since, to unravel these, the ways of life and of nature-folk should alike be understood, he gives an outline of the biology of the sexes; and, much more fully, a criticism of Dr. Frazer's views on the origins of exogamy and totemism, which is a very model for controversialists in its continued fairness. Dr. Frazer's view of exogamy is a biological one, as arising from observed disadvantages of inbreeding as injurious and

sterilising, and this "upon women generally, and particularly upon edible animals and plants". Here our biologist joins issue, though unfortunately without much illustration from his renowned knowledge of breeds, but extending the simple observation that the sexes, in man and animals alike, and the males apparently more than the females, are attracted by unfamiliar individuals. As regards totemism, Mr. Heape argues against Dr. Frazer's belief that this has arisen from a primitive theory of conception which remains in ignorance of the part of the father, and thus assumes a spirit-child to enter the mother from this or that of the natural features or creatures in which the spirits of the dead are waiting to be born again, and which hence becomes the totem of the child when born. Mr. Heape argues strongly that this can be no primitive belief, but an evolved superstition. Its origin he finds in the woman's belief in the importance of "maternal impressions"; which it is thus not a little interesting to find an author so widely acquainted with breeding taking so seriously, even for animal mates and mothers, and, of course, a fortiori, for human ones. The development of this belief into the system and dogma of totemism is thus a feminine creation, as Frazer believes, though upon different grounds. Originally the aid of spirits may have been "invoked by the mother with the hope of benefiting the child", and later to consolidate the woman's interest and influence generally. He thinks the influence savage women exerted by means of totemism was greater than even Frazer allows, so that it may be "to the growth of that influence, gained in association with the mysteries of maternity, that modern woman owes the position she now rightly holds in society". Be this view an exaggeration or no, it surely makes it plain that considerations of anthropology cannot be overlooked either by feminists or their critics.

Returning to biology, the physiological contrast of the sexes as individuals, in pairing and after, is emphasised, and particularly the prime instinct of the male towards the female and of the female towards offspring. But, while totemism and exogamy have been discussed through careful chapters, and recognised as in process of evolution up to their present co-adaptation, this initial bias of organic male and female is too simply assumed, taken as something practically fixed, in fact as permanent contrast, and without any discussion of the further evolution and co-adaptation which we trust Mr. Heape would not altogether deny. Thus in the final chapter, of course for most readers the all-important one, this initial contrast is employed as the sufficient, at any rate essential, basis from which the law is to be clearly laid down, and a correspondingly simple solution of our modern controversies and struggles arrived at and our sex antagonism adapted away. What, then, is this? the reader will ask. With every desire to avoid injustice to Mr. Heape, and if possible even more, as he himself would wish, not to injure the claims of biology and anthropology, on which we agree, we can but put his main conclusions in the hard light of necessarily brief and isolated citations. Thus:

"The laws which govern the natural discharge of the generative functions cannot be infringed without causing derangement throughout the body, and this fact is true for both men and women. . . . If a woman is not in a condition favourable for breeding she should not breed, and a man whose generative impulse is strong should not be compelled to suppress it."

Failing solution, apparently, of this degree of primal simplicity, which is again emphasised as a prime condition of individual and public health and national survival, "it cannot be a matter of surprise that Nature's requirements should cause trouble in any artificial society"; while, in our present conditions, "the probability of the growth of drastic sex-antagonism is vastly increased, becomes indeed a certainty". To such pessimistic interpretations our author largely inclines, so that for him intersexual unrest and antagonism are more bitter and more ominous than even the class unrest or the race antagonism which he takes as the two other main difficulties of the world and age.

Weininger, in a work still remembered, reduced womankind to two varieties, mother and courtesan; but Mr. Heape simplifies the problem still farther, to mothers and non-mothers merely. The latter, from his strict breeder's point of view, are of course practically negligible, save as failures, which may be of possible danger to the more important class (the present intersexual struggle thus becoming an intra-sexual one) and ultimately to man himself. "We are confronted with the probability that extended power given to women will result in the waste products of our female population gaining power to order the habits and regulate the work of those women who are of real value to us as a nation."

The normal woman is thus viewed practically as breeder and breeder only, and no alternative is mentioned to this save that of spinsterhood, and then in terms of pathological disturbances, and of these alone. Such sweep of deduction, practically from Mr. Heape's cows, ewes and hens, and "waste-products", to womankind in the mass, has no longer a place for anthropological stepping-stones, which could but mar its simplicity and breadth. Yet biologists of sex and students of anthropology, at first attracted by Mr. Heape's eminent acquaintance with biological methods, and by his well-fought duel with Dr. Frazer, which plainly justifies his powers of using anthropological ones, may well be disappointed, even indignant, and cry "Save us from our friend!" Here is a great question, complex exceedingly, a question political and economic, social, moral, psychological, not simply anthropological and biological. To bring it down to physiological fundamentals he and we are entitled, even bound to do and learn all we can as biologists and breeders from animals and their mating. To argue from these studies of sex and reproduction upwards again to society is also imperative, and legitimate so far as it goes, but (here begins Mr. Heape's error) to do this, and this only, without reference, much less reverence, to all the higher considerations above named, though each also claims and deserves scientific consideration, is enough to put biology under the ban of each and all. To write as if sex-antagonisms could be settled thus simply, with women treated for practical purposes as cows and poultry, and we their freer mates, is an intolerable materialism; and this in no merely sentimental sense which biologists need fear, but before the bar of science, for its error lies in claiming for a contribution to preliminary science sufficiency upon the fields of higher sciences, with consequent practical exclusion of these. Reasoning so naïvely crude as this is not extenuated by recommendations, sound as far as they go, on the health of young girls, still less strengthened by oracular presage and evil foreboding: these are rather signs of evil augurship; and our parting must therefore be less cordial than was our meeting. Yet we leave him with regret to his feminine reviewers of all camps, for, sorely though he has weakened by crude presentment the biológico-anthropological criticism of them, this has again to be made; and whoever of us does this may justly remember Mr. Heape and avenge if they cannot liberate him. But in the meantime he is in their hands, and all his knowledge of physiology and breeding, even to the peafowl of Juno, will not avert from him the contempt of Pallas, the wrath of Artemis.

THE ENGLISH PLAYHOUSE.

"The Elizabethan Playhouse and other Studies." By W. J. Lawrence. Stratford-on-Avon: Shakespeare Head Press. First Series, 1912; Second Series, 1913. 12s. 6d. each.

FINISHED scholarship, such as these papers declare, at once distinguishes Mr. Lawrence from the bookmakers. These two volumes are packed with discovery. Their riches would furnish forth—they probably will furnish forth—the popular historian's book bazaar for the next ten years. Some day Mr. Lawrence will receive his due. There has yet to be

written a history of the English playhouse. The author of this history will soon discover the debt he is under to Mr. Lawrence; and he will proclaim it, if he is an honest man. For the early periods of a history of the English playhouse Mr. Lawrence's papers will be in themselves a mine of treasure, and they will be even more precious for the way in which they point their readers to documents and sources.

We would a little more clearly indicate the breach in our literature of the stage which Mr. Lawrence will one day help an English historian to fill. Mr. Lawrence has endeavoured in these papers to reconstruct the stages of Shakespeare, of Etherege, and of Garrick. He has collected the evidence. He has roughly sketched for us the evolution of the playhouse from the Elizabethan platform stage to the fourth-wall stage of Ibsen by way of the proscenium doors and the apron of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. He has not written a continuous history. But history emerges in stray papers upon title-boards, or upon the situation of the lords' room, or upon light and darkness in the Elizabethan theatre. Mr. Lawrence has brought together the nucleus of a really fine body of material for a history of the stage-carpenter. The book we are suggesting is not however a history of the stage-carpenter so much as a history of the stage-play as it has been affected by the stage-carpenter—a history of the inter-relation of the English play and the English playhouse. How far were the forms and methods of Shakespeare determined by the Elizabethan platform? What was the effect upon dramatic art of the retreat of the stage within the proscenium arch? What was the significance for English drama after Tom Robertson of the final abolition of the projecting apron and the addition of a fourth wall? Finally, how are we to regard the tentative efforts of the modern stage to re-enter the auditorium? What precisely do they mean? Are these movements in timber and cloth merely accidents of theatrical architecture; or have they a deeper influence? Do they correspond with important changes, not merely in the technical methods of playwriting, but in the heart of English drama? Does the kind of play determine the shape of the theatre, or the shape of the theatre determine the kind of play? These questions are not yet clearly asked. They will not easily be answered.

Meantime we may note the perfect parallelism of the movement of English dramatic art and the movement in architectural construction of the English playhouse. The conventions of Elizabethan tragedy rested upon a clear understanding that an audience was present in the theatre, in immediate touch with the poet and his players. The audience surrounded the platform stage upon three sides. There was no pretence that the players were of another world. There was a continuous rapport between the actors and their audience. The players were eye to eye with the people. They appealed to their auditors as orators appeal. It was an appeal of the kindled eye and the impassioned voice. Sometimes the appeal to an audience was personally direct. The player's "aside" took them into his confidence; his soliloquy (not the thinking soliloquy, which is always in order, but the soliloquy which helps forward the action) kept them posted in the progress of events. In direct contrast with all this is the stage to-day, remote from the spectator; thrust within a frame that cuts him off from direct personal contact; removed to a far mimic world that pursues the event as though the audience were not in presence. In Shakespeare's theatre the audience shares the progress of the scene; in Ibsen's theatre the audience is an eavesdropper. Modern producers have even suggested a fourth wall, completing the full circle of evolution by shutting the audience out altogether. Players sit solemnly before a fireplace supposed to lie between them and the spectators they have been taught to ignore. With this retreat of the stage from the spectator all the dramatic conventions which rested upon a recognition that the audience was in presence have disappeared. To address the audience is to-day a solecism. There is obviously something wrong in

speaking to an audience which is not supposed to be there.

Here, then, is a first problem for our historian. That the movement towards naturalism has coincided with the retreat of the stage within the proscenium arch is clear. But has the stage retreated in obedience to the impulse of modern dramatists towards naturalism; or has the impulse towards naturalism come from the retreat of the stage? Only an exhaustive study of English drama as it springs from English life, side by side with an exhaustive study of the English playhouse, can answer. We think it far more likely that the playhouse has followed the play than that the play has followed the playhouse. One thing at least will clearly ensue from such an inquiry—a complete exposure of the assumption that the modern picture stage is of itself better or worse than its predecessor. The majority of modern managers assume that the stage within a frame is intrinsically a finer thing than Shakespeare's platform—that Shakespeare, if he had only seen his plays produced at His Majesty's Theatre, would at once have perceived the advantages of Sir Herbert Tree's methods over those of Burbage. So deeply rooted is this assumption of the modern manager that he tears to pieces plays which were fitted to an entirely different convention to make them square with his own. An historical survey of the parallel movement of the English playhouse and the English play would at any rate achieve the discomfiture of our modern Procrustes. He would realise that plays best make the effect intended by their author when they are played according to their author.

The period most likely to reward the historian in search of an organic correlation between the English playhouse and the English play is the period of transition—the period when Shakespeare's romantic method of the platform still struggled for a footing upon the projecting apron of the eighteenth century. Proscenium doors with a projecting apron lingered dubiously into the late nineteenth century. These proscenium doors are a symbol of the transition. So long as the players entered by proscenium doors they had not entirely lost touch with the audience. Coming forward they could employ the platform conventions of Shakespeare. Retiring through the proscenium arch they could employ the eavesdropping or fourth-wall conventions of Ibsen. Restoration comedy belongs to this period of transition. It looks back to the platform and it looks forward to the fourth wall. Congreve's defence of soliloquy is quite modern. He uses only the thinking soliloquy; and he does not include in his justification the soliloquy used for forwarding the action. So far he is modern. His stage is definitely retiring within the frame. But Congreve, like all his contemporaries, and like his successors for two hundred years, uses the "aside". It is still possible for players from the projecting apron to take the audience into their confidence. The spectator is not yet shut off. Nothing could more sharply point the parallelism we are suggesting between the evolution of the playhouse and the evolution of the play than the simultaneous disappearance in the late nineteenth century of the proscenium doors on the one hand and of the "aside" on the other.

The time is ripe for a study of English stagecraft as it has been affected by the building of the English stage. London audiences are already able to judge for themselves how immensely the plays of Shakespeare gain by being fitted with a rough semblance of the well-trod stage of the "Globe" or "Curtain". Thoroughly pursued by a critic who was also an historian, an investigation into the parallel development of the English play and the English playhouse would assuredly challenge the divine right of our modern authors and critics to decry the dramaturgy of men whose plays were fitted to another model. It has yet to be popularly realised that Shakespeare's plays are not plays badly constructed to fit the picture stage of 1913. They are plays wonderfully well constructed to fit the platform stage of 1613. Similarly it is premature to condemn the "aside" of Victorian and earlier

dramatists as the lazy device of an evil generation before we have looked a little more closely into the conditions of the players' art in the proscenium period of English comedy.

PARALIPOMENA.

"Collected Literary Essays, Classical and Modern,"
"Collected Studies in Greek and Latin Scholarship."

By A. W. Verrall. Edited by M. A. Bayfield and J. D. Duff. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1913. 10s. 6d. net each.

VERRALL had one of those personalities which fascinate acquaintances and inspire friends with a deep affection, but which cannot be made to charm outsiders through the medium of a memoir, even though it is so good a memoir as that contributed by Mr. Bayfield, with the assistance of several of the dead scholar's pupils, to the first of these volumes. He was one of those rare combinations, a scholar with common sense and a strong sense of humour, living among persons who are apt to be deficient in one or other or both of those qualities. Inevitably on one who did not know him the presentation of his wit and learning and the description in cold print of the effect produced by his lectures does not produce that effect—manifestly present in the heart of his old friends when they set down their recollections. We can only judge of his eloquence by his written works, and they do not always convey to an outsider the admiration which those who knew him obviously feel. To an outsider the exceeding subtlety of some of his theories and the paradoxes in which he sometimes embodied them give rise to a speculation whether he was always fully serious in his contentions. We criticise while we admire. Here is a good instance. Mr. Bayfield pours scorn on a reviewer who could not appreciate the meaning which Verrall sought to read into Ἀγδὰς γένεθλον, addressed by the King to Clytemnestra in line 905 of the "Agamemnon". He held that it conveyed the implication that she was the daughter of one false wife and the sister of another. We impenitently join ourselves with that reviewer. To call Clytemnestra the daughter of Leda was no more to imply that she was the daughter of a disreputable person than it would be to call a woman the daughter of themorganatic wife of a modern monarch. The reasonable attitude towards Leda is that adopted by Clytemnestra's sister Helen in the Munich version of "La Belle Hélène". She waves her hand proudly towards two pictures on the wall. "These are my family portraits", and then pointing to a portrait on the left, "That is my mother", and to a large Hondecoeter-like swan on the right, "And that is my father".

In the volume of "Collected Literary Essays" the first six, which are early work taken from the "Universal Review" between 1888 and 1890, deal purely with classical subjects, and we rather doubt if they deserved resuscitation. One of them discusses Martial, "a Roman of the Greater Rome", and has the advantage of pointing out a fact which Christian apologists, with their eyes fixed most conveniently on the limited material supplied by Tacitus and Juvenal, have been too apt to obscure, the fact that the Roman Empire in the first century of our era was not a pit of iniquity, but on the whole a very satisfactory place to live in. Two others deal with the works of Propertius in an interesting but by no means epoch-making fashion. Two others, again, discuss Statius' poems on the Saturnalia and on the villa of Vopiscus at Tibur respectively, and the sixth provides a sort of first sketch of the author's subsequent work on Euripides by analysing the "Andromache".

These are followed by two much more interesting papers on Dante's treatment of Statius. They are later work and proceed on the assumption that the Italian poet relied for his statements regarding his Roman predecessor only on Statius' own works and the solitary

mention of him in Juvenal. If so, it becomes necessary to spell out from these evidence sufficient to satisfy Dante's honest and critical mind of the facts which Statius details about himself. We fully sympathise with Verrall's view that not even the minutest detail would be stated by Dante unless he thought he had authority for it, but the manner in which he extracts this from the Roman's own poems does not satisfy us. There must, to our mind, have been something else by way of tradition or legend to which Dante was referring. In one matter in particular, a question of the interpretation of some elementary Italian words, we cannot follow the writer. Statius is made to say that he assisted the martyrs "mentre che di là per me si stette". Verrall objects, quite rightly, to the careless current translation of this as meaning "while I lived in this world", which is both incorrect and inappropriate, but he wishes to take "di là" as meaning "on the other side of the river" (scil. of baptism), though admitting that it was used by Statius in two other instances to mean "on the other side of the globe"—in this world—and he translates the rest of the sentence "I stayed". We have no doubt whatever that the words mean "while in this world it rested with me to do so". If this be right, Verrall's argument on the point falls to the ground. It is indeed another instance of super-subtlety. On the other hand, the paper on "Nacqui sub Julio, ancor che fosse tardi" is admirably convincing. There is yet another paper on Statius, containing some interesting suggestions as to his theological outlook, which might have been utilised in the two previous papers. An article on "Aristophanes on Tennyson" makes fair game of the "Idylls of the King", and there are two not very distinguished essays on Scott's prose style and on "Diana of the Crossways".

The other volume mainly consists of papers reprinted from the "Classical Review", the "Journal of Hellenic Studies", the "Journal of Philology", with a chapter from "Studies in Horace" and six articles published for the first time. Of these six, "On a Lost Word in Homer", to wit ἀνάκτων (unbroken) as a substitute for ἀνάκτων in two passages in the sixteenth book of the "Iliad" does not altogether persuade. We are not clear about the possibility of the form of the word, and it does not fit very well in the earlier of the two instances in which Verrall found it. "A Metrical Jest in Catullus" expounds with learning and ingenuity what one would have supposed was not very obscure, namely that "Di magni, horribilem et sacrum libellum" was written in intentionally worse hendecasyllables than the sparrow poem or "Vivamus, mea Lesbia". In "A Vexed Passage in Horace" the meaning of "Prælia virginum" is discussed with solemnity, and "sectis unguibus" is no doubt rightly interpreted as a reference to marriage. We are not however convinced by the translation of "non præter solitum leues" as "You cannot lift us beyond our wont". The only other of the papers which requires notice contains a good emendation of Statius, "Silvæ", II. 7. 14.

One queer footnote has escaped the editor's eye. It is stated that the sanctuary of Dionysus ἐν Ἀλμύραις may have had no more connexion with any marsh than Burnham Beeches has with any beech. The late Dr. Verrall must have been more familiar with the site of primitive Athens than with the neighbourhood of Slough.

AN AMERICAN ON GERMANY.

"Germany and the Germans." By Price Collier. London: Duckworth. 1913. 7s. 6d. net.

THIS is one of the books that harass the reviewer with a conscience. It was our first intention to say that this was not a good book because it might have been made so much better, and according to English critical standards that verdict is sound. But then Mr. Collier has not written with an eye to English critical standards. His business has been to interpret

Germany to the United States, and to ask, as an English reviewer cannot help asking, how far he has interpreted both Germany and the United States to Englishmen is to put an unfair question. We can only note that Mr. Collier has done two things which an Englishman of his knowledge would not have done. First, he has chosen a very discursive method. He puts some of his most important points into asides. Thus his account of the true German's attitude to the Jews is hung on to his remarks about German newspapers, and his explanation of the way everything is regulated and most things forbidden in Germany is interpolated in the chapter on German women. We suppose the Americans like their facts sprung on them by surprise in this way. We suppose, too, that they enjoy being hustled through two thousand years of German history in two introductory chapters; though to English minds the history of a period is not told by mentioning the names of people who lived in it. However, Mr. Collier knows his public and we do not. So far as we can judge, he has altogether succeeded in explaining to Republican individualists how a King by divine right can be a tremendous figure in a modern State. He has also succeeded in convincing us that we English occupy a happy position between the excessive control of Germany and the excessive licence of the States. But it is never difficult to convince Englishmen that they are right.

A more serious drawback in English eyes is the author's Rooseveltian instinct to moralise. The book is full of ethical conclusions. To us it seems that ethics and politics are separate sciences, and we lament a lack of political generalisations. Thus Mr. Collier quite rightly describes the attitude of the typical German to the Jew. We had marked the passage for quotation as illustrating the unfinished character of the book. We had meant to point out that the reason for this hostility lies in the German's anxiety to make a German national feeling and his belief that the Jew was always and everywhere denationalised. But Mr. Collier spoils our criticism by noting this very point in a parenthesis somewhere else where it was not really apropos. These jumpy American methods are so disconcerting.

There is no doubt that Mr. Collier knows Germany very well—amazingly well for a foreigner. It may, indeed, be submitted that his point of view is a little one-sided. He thinks too much as a Conservative and too little as an industrial, and fails to realise that the temper of the Government has altered a good deal in the last twenty years. He might retort that most National Liberals would say the Government has not altered at all in that time, but that is only the National Liberal way. Again, his Conservative standpoint leads him to under-estimate the power of the Press. He has certainly not done justice to the Berlin "Lokalanzeiger"—Germany's "Daily Mail"—or to the "Frankfurter Zeitung"—her "Manchester Guardian". He is best when he is writing quite generally and explaining what it means that a people should have a natural instinct for discipline. Clearly Mr. Collier is not very hopeful of making this plain to his own individualistic fellow-countrymen, but at any rate he understands himself what Germany means by organisation and why it is her only way of progress. Needless to say, he is too good an American to believe it will pay in the end. He views Germany as a machine of sixty-five million brain-power, and asks what might happen if a speck of dust got into the works. A German would retort that while no machine is perfect it is, if properly constructed, a good deal more trustworthy than an individual. He would probably add that he would trust the Emperor to keep the speck of dust out. And there Mr. Collier would agree with him. The chapter on the Emperor is a really fine piece of work. It succeeds in giving a definite idea of a personality so many-sided as to be an enigma to ordinary men in Germany and elsewhere. But surely Mr. Collier is wrong in fancying that the Emperor does not complain at being misunderstood. On the contrary, the Emperor's speeches are full of complaints at what

he regards as the stupidity of his critics and of hopes that history will do him justice.

The book is rather carelessly written. Misprints are numerous, that which makes Frederick the Great conquer Siberia instead of Silesia being the most amusing. The style is marked by an occasional effectiveness of sarcasm of which the following is a good specimen: "It has been found necessary even among those of the same nation to legislate for love. We call such laws, with dull contempt for irony, social legislation. In Germany and now in England the modern sacrament of loving one another consists in licking stamps; these stamps are then stuck on cards, which bind the brethren together in mutual and adhesive helpfulness." The reference is characteristic of Mr. Collier's discursive manner; as is the fact that a condemnation of Mr. Lloyd George's Marconi deal finds place in a book about Germany.

A STORY OF THE FUTURE.

"The Dragon." By M. P. Shiel. London: Grant Richards. 1913. 6s.

ZANGWILL says somewhere that "The four hundred millions of China lie on our imaginations like a nightmare in yellow, and we perceive that the maker of man hath a predilection for pigtailed". Mr. Shiel also shares this preference, but his expression of it is hardly so artistic. And yet he has a story to tell, and beneath his almost intolerable mannerisms, his fopperies, muddled metaphors, and bad similes there runs a decided strain of power. His theme is a big theme marred by the difficulty the reader experiences in following his plot through its strata of ridiculous affectations. It is as if Mr. Shiel had sought to parody the styles of Henry James and George Meredith at their worst, as if he were a disciple of that part of George Meredith which, as a clever man defined it, called a spade "the implement of a husbandman".

Like many a modern writer, Mr. Shiel has not yet realised the beauty of simplicity. A volume of Wordsworth and "The Vicar of Wakefield" would be ideal presents for him. He is not content with Goldsmith's pure Anglo-Saxon, he is not even content with gorgeous Miltonic Latinisms; he makes innovations which are only remarkable for their hideousness. Not that we do not welcome originality in language. One can love a word for its own dear sake. Nobody ever blamed Lewis Carroll for inventing the expressive term of "chortling" or Kipling's character "Brugglesmith", who drank too much and began "to slur and slummock" in his speech, but we ask to be preserved against Mr. Shiel's daring flights. If only he would not try to be so clever how much cleverer he would be!

"The Dragon" is a story of the future. It does not rank with Bellamy's "Looking Backward", or one or two of H. G. Wells' imaginative novels, such as "When the Sleeper Wakes", but might be classified more with Marietti's Post-Impressionist pictures in words and the distortions of his Italian school. The story is briefly this. A future King of England, then Prince John, "whom the French have called Jean l'Entêté, or the Stubborn", landed from the "Dominion", at Scarborough, to attend a dance one February night. Here he meets "Minna Simmons, a doctor's daughter, already at nineteen a Bachelor of Science, now 'swotting' to get a degree in medicine", who so entrances his Royal Highness that "six months later she was the Queen of the Britains and Empress of India, and her 'bowing-manner' was considered good". Then the great Teddy, her son, the Prince of Wales, is born and becomes her idol. She decides to give him a thorough working education. He shall not be a figurehead paraded by Ministers to decorate their actions like the seal of authority; he shall be a man and a leader of men, bred amongst men to work for them. So she sends him to school at Brockweir, and here he has a dire and dreadful fight with Li-Ku-Yu, in which he arouses the deathless ire of that future leader of "The

Dragon's" hordes, and which ends in Li-Ku-Yu's expulsion from the school, nursing thoughts of vengeance. The battered Prince, however, has his wounds tenderly bathed by a young lady named Eulalia Bayley, who appears upon the scene directly after the fray, and uses a wetted handkerchief and her "begging eyes" to such good advantage that the Prince follows his exalted father's example and marries her under the somewhat unsavoury name of "Edward Reeks"!

Meanwhile Li-Ku-Yu goes to his lady-love Oyone, who is the weirdest person in the book, and the amazing feats which follow—the war with Germany and China, the use of "the Redlike Ray" which struck men blind from a little black box and which the Prince used on the beleaguering Chinese thousands so that they crashed down stricken from their airships all over London till, in Mr. Shiel's weird imagination, it "rained flesh". Some of them even struck "the gold cross of S. Paul's"; and the Prince's ultimate victory over the devilish Oyone, Li-Ku-Yu, and all his foes must be left to the reader. But he must be a reader of nerve and prepared for sudden shocks, for this supremely imaginative book, the work of a distinctively creative brain, is one mass of hidden electric batteries for the intellectual and for the literary mind. For instance, Mr. Shiel compares flying to "sitting on a throne with one's feet on the throat of the world". And this is a little love-scene between Li-Ku-Yu and Oyone—"Kiss me, Oyone, if that comforts you", he said, and within one tick she was fitted to him like all the eight arms of an octopus enlacing him—till he called out with an absurd matter-of-factness, 'Enough!' 'Now, don't spoil it', she muttered with hurried reproach in the thick of her business." And the following description of Eulalia, Princess of Wales, also deserves notice: "However, a few seconds before Eulalia's first yell of rage burst from her entrails like a blast of blasting-gelatine upon the night's silence".

"The Dragon" is a book to be read, but whether it is a book to be digested is another matter.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"My Russian Year." By Rothay Reynolds. London: Mills and Boon. 1913. 10s.

Mr. Reynolds' book is a surprise. Its title is clearly meant to suggest a limited acquaintance with a very big country—a country compact, of contradictions and disturbing inconsistencies, which stimulate in an intelligent stranger a greater amount of yeasty hypothesis than does any other part of Europe. Mr. Reynolds is content to chronicle his impressions. He deals almost wholly with appearances, whether it be the Court, the Reactionaries, or the Revolutionists that he describes. His sympathies, as the sympathies of a stranger nearly always, are with the revolutionaries, but he sees, as some strangers do not, the force of inertia in the country which would become an overwhelming danger if once it could be induced to move. He sees, too, how vast a space of centuries separate certain classes and parts of Russia, that millions of her people are still living in the fourth century, others in the twelfth, in the sixteenth, and a few, very much further on than we, in the twentieth. He understands that, within certain limits, a larger sense of liberty may be felt in Russia than in any other European country, he can sympathise with the tolerance of moral laxity where sincerity of feeling can be pleaded as its excuse, he can appreciate that peculiar indifference to the worth of its ministers of religion which in the Russian people is so curiously blended with an intense reverence for godly living. The mixture of morals is as puzzling to a newcomer as the mixture of periods—the two may be in a measure related; since it cannot but be confusing to observe similar standards of conduct produced from absolutely opposite points of view. Mr. Reynolds' year seems to have been lived almost entirely in one section of the community. He makes certain remarks about the peasants, but how little he knows of them is illustrated by his incredulous mention of the report that a lump of sugar may in a poor cottage be suspended from the ceiling, so that each in turn may draw his glass of tea through it. The passing on of a lump of sugar from mouth to mouth is a common courtesy among the poor, and it is long before one acquires the skill to use its flavour without too greedily reducing its size.

"The Continuity of the Church of England." By F. W. Puller. London: Longmans. 1912. 3s net.

This book consists of four lectures delivered at S. Petersburg last year, in the official residence of the Procurator of the Holy Synod, and at the invitation of a Russian bishop. As Father Puller says, an invitation of this kind does not happen every day; and we may welcome it as showing a sincere desire amongst an influential section in the Russian Church to gain that better understanding of our own which is the necessary prelude to any steps towards union. The lectures are worthy of their author and of the occasion, though they naturally cannot mean quite as much for us as they did for the audiences to whom they were first addressed. They put the case for the continuity of our Church all down history very simply and convincingly, and they emphasise duly those parts of our teaching and practice which are most dear to Father Puller's own heart, and most likely to appeal to an "orthodox" public. There is nothing the least unfair in this; Father Puller is scrupulously honest; but of course his account of the Church of England is bound to be different from what the Bishop of Manchester or the Dean of Canterbury would have written. For the ordinary reader it will contain some surprises; it combines much careful statement and proof of what is familiar, with unexpected pieces of out-of-the-way information—some of it most valuable.

"Aborigines of South America." By Col. G. E. Church. London: Chapman and Hall. 1913. 10s. 6d. net.

Colonel Church unfortunately did not live to complete his work on the aborigines of South America. The finished part, which is now published under the editorship of Sir Clements Markham, will quicken regret that the author was not spared to do for the whole continent what he did for the Indians of the Amazon, the Gran Chaco, Patagonia, and other regions. The ethnological and geographical value of the book is very great, and none the less great because, whilst it appeals to the student, there is much in it of interest to the general reader. Colonel Church embarked upon his researches in the spirit of the Age of Discovery. "We are bold navigators, explorers, and conquistadores; we play with the destinies of barbaric kingdoms and march through Wonderland in search of new empires to conquer; like Orellana, we launch our craft upon gigantic and mysterious rivers which seem to flow interminably onward in search of the ocean", and everywhere he finds "Nature working on a grand scale, bearing down and building up with terrible vigour". The origin and relations of the Indians of the New World present a problem which many learned minds have endeavoured to solve; many of the natives of the remoter parts of South America seem to exist to-day pretty much as they existed thousands of years ago. In their primitive barbarism they are happier than in most cases they are under what is called civilised control, and page after page of this book will seem to the reader reminiscent of the Putumayo. Colonel Church shows that the misery which the early Spanish settlers inflicted is repeated to-day as civilisation pushes its way, for the sake of rubber or some other natural product, farther and farther into the vast interior. The disastrous effects of such civilising influences as the rubber-gatherer has brought to bear in recent times have added considerably to the difficulties of such ethnological study as Colonel Church undertook.

"The Naval Annual." Edited by Viscount Hythe. Portsmouth: Griffin. 1913. 12s. 6d. net.

The appearance of a list of British and foreign airships within the well-known blue boards and the prominence given to aeronautics and anti-aircraft guns suggest the beginning of a new chapter in the history of armaments. The functions of the three leading types of aircraft and the advance made by each of the Powers towards the provision of a fighting fleet form the subject of an unsigned article written from the naval standpoint. It is sure to be widely read at the present moment, and will be studied with curiosity by generations of skymen yet unborn. In facilities for building air-battleships of rigid type Germany leads by a long head. We are told it takes one year to build a shed for the ship, another year to construct the ship. Germany has eighteen sheds built, many of which can take two ships. She has also four building. In this country one shed—not very suitable—is in existence, and if a ship were completed there, and the slip were wanted for a new keel, there would be nowhere to put her. The rapid growth of German sea-power has brought Federation of the British Empire appreciably nearer by forcing to the front the problem of naval defence. Colonial navies cannot be built up quickly, and are bound to prove costly to their owners. The ideal Lord Hythe sets before us is an Imperial Navy, supported by contributions from the Dominions; and this means a constitutional repre-

sentation of the contributing States. As Colonial statesmen will refuse to allow British political parties to play with Imperial interests, the corollary to an Imperial fleet is an Imperial Council, created "ad hoc" to control Imperial expenditure and policy. The Canadian note on naval defence requirements has supplied Admiral Custance with his text for a discourse on the principles which should govern the use of guns and armour in capital ships. He pleads his case with admirable logic, but, unfortunately, Part III., which discusses armour and ordnance, says that the consensus of opinion among naval artilleryists favours an increase of calibre and power for guns in the main armament. The Turco-Italian war has furnished Commander Robinson with useful material to illustrate the advantages of amphibious warfare, and incidentally to point the limitations of a mere maritime superiority. The large number of excellent articles contributed to the "Annual" this year makes it difficult to choose any one for particular notice. Mention of a few must therefore be taken as nothing more than an introduction for the remainder.

"Opera and Drama." By Richard Wagner. Translated by Edwin Evans. London: Reeves. 10s. net.

When Wagner set to work to clear his mind with regard to opera his procedure was characteristically German. He began thinking on paper, and he began at what he thought was the beginning—almost at the creation of the world. As he happened to be hard pressed for money he sold the results of his thinking on paper to a publisher, and when he saw them in print instead of being dismayed he gradually came to think them rather fine, and in the long run he thought them more valuable than all his operas. His "Opera and Drama", in whole or in parts, has been translated many times, but Mr. Edwin Evans' attempt is the most successful so far made. It renders the German—the very German German—of Wagner quite adequately, and is at the same time English. Wagner wrote so much that we have learnt of late to scoff a little at his theorising, but no serious musical student can hope to get along without a knowledge of this, his most important work. For along with many fallacies, illusions, and delusions Wagner did have a very clear instinctive insight into the problem of making opera a little more reasonable, or, if we may put it another way, a little less idiotic, than it had been. His side-thrusts are not only the most entertaining but also the most instructive part of his work. It is to be hoped Mr. Evans will find sufficient encouragement to go on with his labours. Such labours are of necessity mainly those of love, yet it is high time that the more significant portions of Wagner's prose writings should be translated into readable English.

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 15^{me} Juillet.

M. Lévy deals in a most illuminating article with the "financial armaments" of Europe. In order to arrive at a basis for argument he marshals a whole army of statistics without which it is quite impossible to give a just view of his position. Apparently in Germany, as in France, the birth-rate is falling, but this is compensated for by a great decrease in the rate of mortality. With regard to France he points out that, if the Bill instituting three years' service be adopted, there will be a preliminary expense of £40,000,000 to be met, and then an annual budget of £200,000,000. This can only be accomplished, he says, by an exercise of rigorous economy on the part of the Government, by putting the brake on all useless expense, and by the suppression of all irritating taxes on industry. Everything which will interfere with the economic progress of the country must be checked, for it is on this alone that France will depend to meet the heavy charges about to fall on her. Will the Republic have the courage? The writer evidently doubts it.

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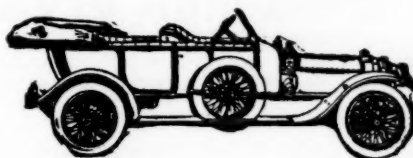
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THE TATEM STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY, LTD.

THE Third Annual Meeting of the Tatem Steam Navigation Company, Limited, was held at the registered offices of the Company, Cambrian Buildings, Mount Stuart Square, Cardiff, on Monday, July 14, 1913.

Mr. W. J. Tatem (Chairman and Manager) presided. After the Secretary (Mr. Thomas A. Craig) had read the notice convening the meeting and the minutes of the previous meeting, Mr. Tatem, in proposing the adoption of the accounts, addressed the shareholders present as follows:—

Ladies and Gentlemen,—It is my privilege again to meet you, and, I am glad to say, under very favourable circumstances.

I trust our meetings from year to year will continue to be equally satisfactory, but those of you who are acquainted with the shipping industry will know that the freight market is subject to rapid fluctuations, and it is not possible to forecast its movements for any time ahead. During the early part of our financial year, for instance, tonnage was in great demand at high rates, and we enjoyed a period of exceptional prosperity. This was followed by a wave of reaction, during which the freight market became comparatively depressed. At the present time freights cannot be said to be on more than a paying basis, but, with the approaching seasons, we have every hope of an improvement.

As you will see from the balance-sheet, the results for the past year have been exceptional, but, with the experience of the long depression which terminated in 1910, it makes it expedient to proceed upon sound and broad lines of finance in allocating our profits, so that we may, as far as possible, provide for periods of inactivity, and render our dividends independent of low freights. We could have paid larger dividends each year, but I am convinced that it is best to secure the stability of the Company, so that a minimum of profit may be assured and substantial dividends equalised over good times and dull. I feel sure you will agree with me in thus putting our house in order, so that we shall be able to withstand any contrary winds that may blow. Given fair market conditions, I see no reason why the rate of dividend paid in respect of the year under review should not be maintained, although I cannot hold out any hope that the profits will be anything like so large.

Since the Company was established we have had an opportunity of creating ample reserve funds and of writing down the book value of our fleet to a figure that will provide a margin equal to almost any ordinary emergency. To some extent this strong position is due to the policy advocated from the beginning—of conserving our resources and taking advantage of the depression in the shipbuilding industry by purchasing new tonnage at abnormally low prices. This has had the effect of adding materially to our profits, the whole of the new steamers having earned practically sufficient to pay for their cost.

To enable us to maintain a high standard it will be essential from time to time to dispose of some of our old steamers and to replace them with new tonnage. During the past year we have sold the steamer "Southport", and are in close negotiation for the sale of one or two others. They will be replaced as opportunity occurs. I am inclined to think we shall not succeed in buying at such low prices as before, as the advance in the cost of labour and material is likely to be permanent.

The state of shipping at present makes it advisable to sit on the fence for a while, but we must be ready to act as soon as we see a favourable opportunity. The enormous development of the oil trade, for one thing, must be taken seriously into consideration. Attention is being focussed upon the building of oil-tank steamers, and for some trades there is a growing belief in the economical value of cargo steamers equipped for the consumption of oil fuel. No progressive company should overlook these factors, and, with the Panama Canal nearing completion and new demands being made upon the shipping industry, it behoves us to keep new types of vessels in view, so that we may adapt ourselves to the latest requirements of the overseas carrying trade.

The amalgamation of our fleet has been a great boon in many respects. It has enabled us to provide against increases in insurance rates. In our last report I intimated that we should undertake the whole of our particular average risks. This has been done, and has proved of financial benefit to the Company. We have been fortunate in steering clear of any serious accidents, with the result that we have saved a considerable sum of money, which would otherwise have been paid away in insurance premiums. The next step will be in the direction of carrying a portion of our total loss. Of course, we could not attempt these risks without having our finances strongly fortified. Having reached that point when we can consider our position to be one of security, I think we can safely carry out the proposal indicated.

Now, coming to the balance-sheet. The profits for the year ending June 30 last amounted to £252,346 11s. 11d. This compares with £251,071 16s. 3d. for the period covered by the last balance-sheet.

Including the sum of £13,364 9s. 6d. brought forward from the previous year, we have a total of £265,711 1s. 5d. to deal with. This has been dealt with as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
Dividends, December and June	52,500	0	0
To Special Reserve and Contingency Funds	75,000	0	0
Making that fund £250,000.			
To Insurance Reserve Fund	70,000	0	0
Making that fund £100,000.			
Written off Cost	150,950	0	0
Reducing book value to £250,000.			
Carried forward to next account	17,261	1	5

The dividend for the year amounts to 15 per cent., free of income-tax. I think you will appreciate the wisdom of restricting the dividend to that amount, having regard to the points already referred to.

We have a valuable property, and if you compare our capital and assets with those of other South Wales undertakings and other shipping companies you will realise the sound nature of our investment. Our profits average over £2 10s. per ton on the deadweight tonnage, which I have not seen exceeded by any other similar shipping company.

I might refer to various features of shipping, but we are mainly interested in the financial aspect of our Company. I shall, therefore, not weary you by talking a lot of shop about shipping in general.

In conclusion, I would remind you of a statement I made at the initial meeting of the Company that "in the very worst of times we claim to have done as well as the best, and never failed to pay a fair dividend." Without good freights good profits are impossible. It would ill become me to make this an occasion for blowing my own trumpet, but you will pardon me when I say that I feel proud of the position in which our Company now stands.

I will read now the auditors' report, and move:—

"That the report and statement of account to June 30, 1913, be received and adopted, and that the dividends paid in December 1912 and June 1913 be and are hereby confirmed."

Mr. H. A. Griffin, J.P., seconded the resolution, and, as one of the oldest shareholders, congratulated Mr. Tatem on having piloted the Company to such a successful position.

Mr. W. Hurford and Mr. G. F. Wynne (Wrexham) supported the resolution, stating they were quite at one with the manager's policy of putting the Company in a sound position rather than paying larger dividends.

Alderman P. O. Forster (Bridgwater), whilst congratulating the manager and the shareholders, said that, with no spirit of criticism, he would naturally have preferred a larger dividend.

The Chairman reassured Alderman Forster and the shareholders that the position of the Company would, he hoped, enable him to maintain the dividend, which, after all, he thought would, in the long run, be more satisfactory to the shareholders.

The resolution was carried unanimously.

Mr. R. B. Stephens (London) moved a hearty vote of thanks to the Chairman, which was seconded by Mr. Hurford, and carried with acclamation. The proceedings then terminated.

AMALGAMATED PROPERTIES OF RHODESIA.

RECONSTRUCTION DECIDED UPON.

AN Extraordinary General Meeting of the Amalgamated Properties of Rhodesia, Ltd., was held on Monday for the purpose of considering and, if thought fit, passing, with or without modification, the following resolutions: (1) That it is desirable to wind up the company and that accordingly the company be wound up voluntarily. (2) That the draft agreement submitted to this meeting and expressed to be made between this company and the liquidator thereof of the one part and a new company intended to be incorporated under the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908, and to be called the Amalgamated Properties of Rhodesia (1913), Ltd., or by some similar name, be hereby approved, and that the liquidator of the company, when appointed, be authorised pursuant to section 192 of the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908, to enter into an agreement with such new company when incorporated in the terms of the said draft, and to carry the same into effect with such, if any, modifications as he may think expedient.

Mr. G. K. Bonnard (the Chairman) presided. The Secretary (Mr. Geo. T. Frost) having read the notice convening the meeting,

The Chairman said that at a meeting of the larger shareholders on July 1, a resolution in favour of reconstruction was passed, and it was therefore on the mandate of the larger shareholders that this meeting was held. The necessity arose by reason of the depreciation in the Stock Exchange prices of their quoted share assets, a large portion of which had been deposited with their bankers as security for loans, and to an even greater degree by reason of the non-fulfilment on the part of Sir Abe Bailey of his obligations under certain specific contracts entered into by him with the company. These obligations consisted of a contract to lend the company the sum of £100,000 for three years at 5 per cent. per annum, without security, and other contracts to purchase shares from it which, if fulfilled by him, would have placed the company in possession of over £40,000 in cash. It had been suggested that the meeting of the larger shareholders was a hole-and-corner meeting, but this he emphatically repudiated. It had also been stated that the suggestion for the reconstruction of the company had been brought about by collusion between Sir Abe Bailey and the directors, in order that he might escape the responsibilities attaching to the contracts which he made with it. This was not only monstrous, but ridiculous. In his opinion, Sir Abe Bailey was in a great measure responsible for the unhappy position of the shareholders. Sir Abe Bailey's answer in respect of the non-fulfilment by him of this and other contracts was, "You have your remedy," by which, no doubt, he meant costly and protracted litigation. They at once accepted his challenge, and he had no doubt the result would be a complete vindication of the justice of their claim. At the meeting on the 1st inst., however, it was agreed that the serious financial position of the company would not brook delay. He therefore hoped the scheme would be adopted. He reminded shareholders that, with the exception of one member, the present Board only took office after the company was found to be in a position of acute difficulty and trouble. He also claimed that he had done much to improve the position and prospects of the company. At the meeting of the larger shareholders he went at length into the question of the company's liabilities and the depreciation on their share assets, and therefore he would not go over that again. He thought, however, he would not be doing his duty unless he informed them that in his opinion there were certain people apparently friendly to the scheme of reconstruction who, however, would gladly welcome its failure, for the reason that they considered such failure would be likely to lead to the possibility of their acquiring the company's very valuable land interest at a ridiculously low figure. He proceeded to detail the scheme of reconstruction, which involved an assessment of 1s. a share. He had made arrangements to have the liability of 1s. per share on 3,500,000 shares of 4s. each, credited with 3s. paid thereon, underwritten and guaranteed. The effect of this would be to secure for the new company a sum of £175,000 in cash. The terms under which he had secured such guarantee were, first, that a commission of 10 per cent. should be paid to the guarantors on the amount of the capital guaranteed; and, secondly, that the guarantors should grant to the shareholders in this company the right to participate in this guarantee by sub-underwriting shares equal at least in number at present held by them for a commission of one penny per share. He concluded by moving resolutions approving the agreement for reconstruction.

Mr. Vernon, in seconding the resolution, said the scheme was an extremely simple one, and amounted to financing themselves and doing without borrowed money from Sir Abe Bailey.

Sir Abe Bailey explained that, with regard to the share he had agreed to take up, he was under the impression he was to take them from the Rhodesian Trust Company, but he was advised he was liable direct to this company, and he would therefore take up the shares. With regard to the promised loan of £100,000, he had every reason to think that the guarantee he gave the bank for the loan from the bank cancelled that. When he said the company had its remedy, he alluded to the arbitration clause in the agreement. He denied he had depreciated Rhodesian companies' shares on the market.

Mr. H. S. Foster sharply criticised the action of Sir Abe Bailey, and repeated the commendation which he had passed on the Chairman eighteen months ago, who must rejoice that in anxious and troublesome times he had the great body of shareholders behind him.

In the course of further discussion a suggestion was made that as Sir Abe Bailey had agreed to take up the shares for which he was liable, an attempt should be made to come to terms with regard to the loan, and ultimately Sir Abe Bailey agreed to arbitration on this point.

Sir Frank Crisp (the solicitor) said that with regard to the arbitration the President of the Incorporated Law Society would appoint an umpire. Sir Abe Bailey nominating one arbitrator and the company nominating the other.

Sir Abe Bailey expressed his approval.

The resolutions were then formally submitted to the meeting and unanimously adopted, and the proceedings concluded with a vote of thanks to the Chairman.

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